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## OUR POLITICAL FUTURE.

THE position in which the country now finds itself is very delicate and interesting. A new Parliament is in being, whose character can scarcely be calculated on yet with any confidence. A large body of our best public men are suddenly thrown out of the highest sphere of our public life. A Minister remains lord of the position, whose policy is uncertain and his intentions unknown. Let us glance at the state of things with an eye to the question—What demands the country ought to make of its governing men in their new state of combination?

Lord Palmerston is now, we apprehend, in the great crisis of his life. It has been consistent with the luck of his career that, during the recent elections, he has been the only man whose name (without reference to his measures) has formed a rallying cry. Now, it is precisely during elections that the mass of people require something as definite as a single name to rally round. At every election, besides stating your "views," you are expected to name your hero, and the Viscount has been almost the only hero this time. His name has been a safe cheer: accordingly, we have been amused at observing how men of all ideas have managed to persuade the crowds that they had a regard for Pam. The sturdy Conservative, dead against him on China, has deplored "that great man's" rashness, but been prepared to support him should he "act wisely." The sturdy Radical has made him leap like a Jack-in-the (ballot)-box, to delight the admiring people, though suspicious of his intentions regarding political change. What with the war and the confusion of parties, and the unpopularity of some leading men, Palmerston has certainly had a triumph—if only because the popular mind insists on some one object to fix upon—and his figure has supplied the want.

Well—he has got a Parliament of a sufficiently malleable character, and the shape of which will depend on his own skill. Members have been elected with marvellously few pledges to hamper most of them, and with a sufficiently "liberal" scope to work in. The character of Parliament may be guessed at, though, we repeat, not calculated with certainty. We venture to predict one thing of it—that it will be a Parliament not unfriendly to political change. Liberalism is in its very nature a comprehensive thing, and the new Parliament is distinctly more liberal than the last. It may seem an

objection to this that several of the professed Liberals have been rejected; but this objection is only superficial. These men were rejected on personal grounds, not solely political ones. The war proved fatal to the Manchester men, and the Chinese division to a few more. But, for all that, take the speeches—Conservative as well as Liberal—of the new Members, and you will see pervading them that readiness to entertain change—that laxity about adhering to things established—which pervades the national mind at present. Great country gentlemen of known Conservative leanings have been telling people from the hustings that the franchise may reasonably be extended. An indefiniteness has characterised professions everywhere; in fact, it will be a piebald Parliament, but docile as one of Astley's piebald horses, if the rider only manages with common skill.

Palmerston, then, has two courses open to him. He may try the balancing system, which he tried so long before the dissolution—play off Tories against Radicals, and *vice versa*—go upon his name and his tact—and rule everybody by half puzzling everybody. This is course the first—but a dangerous one for himself and us. For himself dangerous, because he has given mortal offence to the leading and ablest Liberals, as Cobden, Bright, Layard, &c., who will speedily agitate out of doors; dangerous to us, from its foreign disturbance and its domestic inaction. On the other hand, course number two is better. That course is for the Premier to head the Reform movement in every one of its branches—to keep the lead of Russell inside and of Cobden outside the House—by doing whatever is necessary and popular in their respective designs—and yet impressing his own character on it all. The crisis in his career, of which we spoke above, is a crisis just because action in some definite way is now demanded from him. If he keeps his vigour a few years more, he may die, as he has lived, the most popular Minister of his age; but he must now, at last, act promptly and decidedly. If he does so, he will get the support of the Liberals (whether individual eminent Liberals like it or no); and there are plenty of Conservatives less likely to resist his reforms vigorously than those of others, just because he is thought to be of a strong Conservative bent in his secret and central character. Palmerston as a Reformer may, if he chooses, be remembered by the people as vividly as Peel.

It is therefore our impression that the course to be hoped from the

Premier is the second of the two laid down above. Let him moderately extend the franchise—reduce the expenditure—reform the taxation system—abolish ecclesiastical judicature—and, as sailors say, "overhaul" H.M.S. England for purposes of improvement generally. Let him do this, and we will all rally round him. For the country may lay its account with one of two prospects just now—reforms made by Parliament or agitation out of doors.

We have observed, with the regret shared by the sensible of all parties, the exclusion from the new House of eminent men. But, after all, some cases of the kind were to be expected, after years of so much novelty and excitement as the last six. The war has been fatal to Cobden; and, in our opinion, nothing else. The war has given a new character *pro tem.* to the national mind; and, in our view, in some respects an improved one. It has enlarged the sympathies and enlivened the hearts of the people, and they will no longer be content with that merely prudential and economic way of looking at things which was so much the fashion for some years before it. The change will affect our policy for some years yet. But we don't think it will retard improvements so much as some believe. It will rather, we think, change the colour than the substance of the reforms now necessary to the country; and if it compels Palmerston to stamp his character and colour on them, we confess we would rather see that done than see a regular agitation of the old school terminating in undignified concession after annoying disturbance.

If Palmerston, then, become a *bonâ fide* Reformer, Palmerston is safe, and the new Parliament permanent, and the exiled notabilities must slide in, as doors open to them. But if the Premier fail in seizing the time and embodying it, we shall probably have an external agitation, and, in a year or two, a dissolution again. All depends on himself now, for the country was never so short of statesmen to believe in—so ready to entertain measures of reform without fearing the changes which all reforms involve, or generally so malleable—a characteristic which we have already ventured to predict of the new Parliament. The very absence of the distinguished men excluded, though it makes Parliament less brilliant, may have the effect of enabling it to be more readily concentrated on practical work; but all will soon be over, both with Parliament and Premier, if that practical work be not promptly taken in hand.



CANTON BOATMEN FIGHTING QUAILS.



## CHINESE SKETCHES.

## A QUAIL FIGHT.

NOTHING appears to afford the Chinese populace more real gratification than a thorough "quail fight." It is to a Chinaman what a good race for the Derby Stakes is to a citizen of London, or a bull fight to the inhabitants of Madrid.

Our readers are perhaps not aware that while in European countries the vice of gambling is almost entirely confined to aristocratic circles (and God forbid that a habit so degrading should ever extend its baneful influence to the other classes of the community), in China it prevails chiefly among the plebeian part of the dense population. The extent to which the spirit of gambling is indulged in is amazing. Even provisions are disposed of by a game of hazard. China cards are generally used by the natives while gratifying their love of this vice; but other modes of gambling are by no means neglected. Chess, dice, dominoes, and above all the *Tsai moi*, are in constant requisition; and with no portion of the community is the vice more fashionable than with the boatmen on the Canton river. Every spare hour of these men's existence is devoted to their favourite recreation; and so absorbed do they become in the excitement of gambling, that sometimes a wife is the last stake played for.

While with the mandarins, cock-fighting is as favourite an amusement as in bygone days it was with some of our English nobles, the boatmen indulge their love of sport by a conflict between two quails (birds of the partridge kind), each of them, of course, being backed for larger or smaller sums. The birds having been previously trained, steel spurs are put on them, and they sometimes fight till both fall in the encounter. The quail that comes off conqueror is then recognised as a hero in its way, and the possession of it becomes an object of ambition. The competition is eager; and, on its being put up for sale, or to be raffled, enormous sums are offered and given for the winning bird.

## Foreign Intelligence.

## FRANCE.

MANY more arrests connected with alleged secret societies have been made in the provinces, pursuant to orders sent by electric telegraph. It is again affirmed, and in the most positive terms, that M. de Persigny has been instructed to urge the English Government to expel several refugees, and particularly M. Ledru Rollin.

An Imperial decree declares that the acts of the Bishop of Moulins towards his clergy are abusive, and are and remain suppressed. The charges established against the Bishop are the regular suspension of the ecclesiastics of the diocese; the publication of a synodal statute without the permission of the civil authorities; and, lastly, the violation of the rights of the concordat. The Bishop, it is said, was in the habit of exacting from his priests a pledge not to appeal in any case to the civil Government.

Although since the Emperor's speech promising to give up Cayenne as a penal colony on account of its unhealthiness several more transports have been sent there, the imperial idea is still held up to the public. The "Patrie" says there is "a talk" of a commission now sitting at the Ministry of Marine to consider the question of transportation, and that "according to a very generally-received opinion," New Caledonia, where France has already begun to form an establishment, will "at no very distant time" be substituted as the country to which criminals will be transported.

General Todleben has arrived in Paris.

## BELGIUM.

IN the Chamber of Representatives lately, reference was made to the Tournay demonstration in favour of Protection, which we reported last week. Comte Vilain XIV., Minister of Foreign Affairs, said:—"There is a matter which has been mentioned during this discussion which no one has noticed, and which I wish again to bring before your attention. It is the cry, '*A Paris les Anglais!*' that has been heard in one of the principal manufacturing towns of Belgium, after what may be called a jollification. Certainly all the world knows that the cries which accompany a masquerade are not worthy of serious remark, but it is nevertheless necessary that some one, in the name of the country, should protest that this cry had no business to be. They have shouted, '*A Paris les Anglais!*' But what have the English done that they should be thrown into the water? Since 1830, the name of England recommends itself to our people by the sympathy which she has, under all circumstances, displayed towards Belgium. The account of these ridiculous scenes will arrive in London upon the same day that we have received the address of Lord Palmerston to the electors of Tiverton, an address in which he gives a eulogium on Belgium, the most complete, the most honourable—an eulogium which has touched me, which has gone to my heart, and for which I am happy to be able here publicly to thank this statesman. On this same day, the journals of London go distributing through all England the account of the scenes at Tournay. It is pitiable. The English will without doubt laugh at it, but it is not for us to laugh at it. *Les Anglais à Paris!* and why? Because they give us cheap coals, cheap cottons, cheap linens? They do not force us, apparently, to take these commodities in spite of ourselves; for England does not press Belgium to make her sign treaties of commerce which may be disadvantageous. Again, the English do not force us to buy the cheap goods they manufacture. They say to us, 'There is coal, will you have it? There are linens, will you have them? There are cottons, will you have them?' If it is thought 'o our interest not to buy cheap things, we can very well say to our neighbours, 'No, thank you;' but not '*à l'eau*.' So then, without treating seriously scenes of a carnival or a masquerade, I protest, however, in the name of the country, against any importance which it may be attempted to attach to the absurd cries which have been heard at Tournay."

## SPAIN.

PRECAUTIONS are being taken against an expected demonstration of the Carlists. Small columns of infantry and cavalry have been put in motion in Catalonia, and also in the northern district of Castile, in the direction of the provinces of Alava and La Rioja.

## ITALY.

SARDINIA is making military preparations in a manner not calculated to excite interpellations. The fortifications of Alessandria are being prosecuted with great vigour, and the National Guard is being re-organised with a view to its furnishing a reserve for the army. The despatch in which Count Cavour recalls the Sardinian Envoy from Vienna has been published. He states that—"The King has not deemed it advisable to continue the residence of a diplomatic agent near the Court of Austria in the absence of an Austrian diplomatist at Turin." After mentioning that the French Ambassador at Vienna is to take charge of the interests of Sardinian subjects in Austria, he adds:—"Count Buol, in his despatch recalling Count Paar, requests him to render an account immediately of any fresh explanations with which I should be in the course of supplying him. I regret not having been able to satisfy this expectation. From the moment that the recall of the Imperial Legation was announced to me in an official and definitive manner, it became no longer possible for me to enter into any political discussion with Count Paar. I have been obliged, in consequence, to limit myself to manifesting to him the regrets that a measure which appeared to me by no means justifiable caused me to experience."

Sardinia has it in contemplation to enrol six thousand Swiss. Austria is interfering with the extension of the Sardinian railway system, by impeding its extension into the Duchy of Parma.

The anniversary of the Battle of Novarra was celebrated at Venice in a startling manner. The nobles dined together, and when the Governor of Lombardy arrived there was none to receive him. The ladies at the theatre carried bouquets of red, green, and white flowers. The "Simon Boccanegra," of Verdi, was given, and the celebrated ballet of "Bianchi e Neri." At the moment when the negroes in the ballet burst their chains and the slave kills his master, there was one universal shout carried to the highest pitch. The ladies applauded. This demonstration was so expressive that a repetition of the ballet was forbidden. During the same afternoon, an enormous tri-coloured balloon was seen hovering over the

quay Degli-Schiavoni. The walls were covered with placards, such as "I ally for ever!" "Cavour, Prime Minister of Italy, for ever!" "Emmanuel, King of Italy, for ever!" The national tri-colour was in three places hoisted above the Austrian standard. The excitement continued for two days. On the 25th persons entered the Arsenal by means of false keys, and carried off a quantity of powder. The Austrians had taken the precaution to supply the soldiers with ball cartridges, and to train cannon on the city as early as the 22nd.

There is still no government in Naples but that of the police. The ministers of other branches of administration are left without orders; the King attends to nothing but the report of "conspiracies." Trade is not very flourishing, and ready money transactions are the order of the day.

A letter in the "Corriere Mercantile" says, that "The re-action goes on, and new tortures continue to be inflicted; but the public spirit bends like steel under the pressure, and recovers itself with the same elasticity. The ordinary diet of persons confined in the prisons is merely bread and water. They are punished sometimes by tearing out their nails; in other instances they are forcibly held in a bent position, or boiling oil is applied to their flesh. These tortures are executed under the superintendence of Filippo d'Autoni, but their inventor is the famous De Spagnolis. D'Autoni commenced the profession of executioner at Milan, and has been promoted by the King of Naples to the office of first-class inspector for his great efficiency and skill."

A measure, recently adopted at Rome, which withdraws the youth of the Roman States from their former teachers, who are supposed to be too liberal, and commits them to the charge of the Jesuits, has created great dissatisfaction. The interests of several French subjects are compromised by the measure; and it is hoped that France will interfere.

The "Giornale di Roma" of the 27th ult., publishes a convention just concluded between the Holy See and Austria for the extradition of criminals. The convention contains no clause in favour of political refugees, but provides that, if an Austrian subject commit a crime in the Pontifical States, and then seek refuge again on the Austrian territory, the right of extradition shall not apply, and conversely, but that he shall be judged by the tribunals of his own country.

## AUSTRIA.

A LETTER from Vienna confirms the accounts previously given that the Austrian Government, prepared for any eventuality arising out of the Sardinian complication, had transmitted orders to Count Gulai, the Commander-in-Chief of the army of Italy, to reinforce the garrisons of the three principal fortresses in the Lombardo-Venetian provinces. The letter adds: "The French Government is endeavouring, both at Turin and at Vienna, to prevent by its intervention the complications which might arise from the rupture of diplomatic relations between Austria and Sardinia. It is stated that Baron de Bourqueney has handed to Count de Buol a note in which it is declared, in the name of the Emperor Napoleon, that his Government, with a view to prevent the events which might happen in Italy and thence extend to other points, has resolved on being the intermediary between Austria and Sardinia."

"Voss's Gazette" gives the following as the principal passage of a circular despatch, in which the Austrian Government expresses its views on the present position of the dispute between the Cabinets of Vienna and Turin:—

"The question has been asked, what significance Austria attaches to the rupture of diplomatic relations. It is easy for every one to understand that there is in that act a serious warning to Piedmont. The foreign Cabinets, particularly those of the two Western Powers, have not witnessed this step with indifference, and they endeavour to anticipate ulterior consequences by friendly mediation. At Vienna they will meet with the very best intentions. Nothing is demanded of Piedmont but the observance of international rules, and if the mediating Powers can obtain what was refused to Austria, an arrangement will be easy. Should, on the contrary, Count de Cavour entrench himself behind a line of argument which merely plays on words without modifying facts, Austria will have to deliberate on the further steps that may prove necessary for the preservation of her dignity and of her safety."

## PRUSSIA.

THE King has commuted the sentence on Herr von Rochow, who shot the late President of Police, Hinckeldey, and who was condemned to five years' imprisonment in the fortress of Magdeburg for that offence. He was induced to do this by an act of extraordinary generosity and moral beauty on the part of the widow of the deceased. On the anniversary of the death of her husband, she wrote to the King, alluding to the melancholy feelings of bereavement which that day rendered more poignant, and requesting that, as she could not, on that very account, avoid sympathising with the Frau von Rochow, the King would enable that lady again to enjoy the society of her husband, by authorising his liberation. The King wrote a very flattering and feeling answer to Madame Hinckeldey, and granted her request. The eldest daughter of the late President is about to be married to Herr von Munchausen, who acted as her father's second at the fatal encounter.

Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Gen. Suchosnot, Minister of War, are expected shortly at Berlin.

## RUSSIA.

WE have now tolerably distinct information from St. Petersburg, that the Emperor will not visit Germany, Italy, nor France this spring; that, in fact, he will not at present leave his dominions; in addition to other reasons of State, necessity for the Emperor's remaining at home may perhaps be assigned this, that the Empress expects to be confined in the middle of April.

Investigations have been instituted in several departments of the Russian service, in consequence of the statements made by Sir Robert Peel in his speech near Birmingham. The result has been, it is said, to prove the entire innocence of the persons incriminated by Sir Robert. Of course.

The organisation of the hospitals and ambulances of the Russian army is to be altered after the French model, which is considered, after official inquiry, to be the best in Europe.

The "Nord" says:—"The affair relative to the secret expeditions of arms and munitions of war to the mountaineers of the Caucasus, of which we have already spoken, appears to be much more important than we at first supposed. These conveyances of munitions of war have been made with the knowledge and consent of the authorities of Turkey, and from the naval station of England, which Power, if she have not authorised them, has certainly done nothing to prevent them. These munitions of war, we say, are directed against an empire with which the two Powers are to-day at peace, and constitute a flagrant violation of treaties which should necessarily provoke certain demands from the Russian envoy at Constantinople, M. de Bouteneff."

It is very generally believed that M. de Morny will return soon to Paris. M. de Morny, it appears, has lost much of his influence at St. Petersburg. Certain transactions have recently taken place which have given occasion for a vast deal of gossip; they chiefly relate to industrial interests of a complicated nature, in which his name constantly recurred. The Russians think that they do not add much dignity to the ambassadorial character, whatever they may to the speculator, and they are, therefore, beginning to look coldly on him.

Lord Wodehouse, our ambassador, is, it seems, becoming very popular in St. Petersburg.

## TURKEY AND THE EAST.

THE English fleet left Constantinople on the 31st of March, making for Malta.

Riza Bey has been named Ambassador of the Porte at St. Petersburg.

An energetic note relative to the delimitation of the Turkish and Persian frontiers has been presented to the Government of the Shah by the Sultan's envoy.

The investigation into the affair of the *Kangaroo* is over, and the commission has delivered its report to the Grand Vizier. It appears from that document that Ferhad Pacha and Ismail Bey were the principal authors, not only of the expedition of that vessel, but of all the others organised for the same purpose—that of supplying the Circassians with arms and ammunition. They are to be brought to trial for the offence.

Several outrages on Protestant Christians in Turkey are alleged (by the London Committee of the Turkish Missions) to have taken place in various

parts of the Porte's dominions. Complaints, it is added, have been laid before the Sultan and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

Considerable agitation is caused in the Danubian Principalities by the approach of the elections. The question of the union or separation depends on the electoral result, and in the country the influence of the boyards over the farmers must decide the choice.

## PERSIA.

It is announced that the English Government has sent off orders to the Commander-in-Chief of the British troops in Persia to evacuate Bagdad and the Persian Gulf. The evacuation is to take place before the month of June—a period of the year when the great heat renders the climate there most unhealthy.

## AMERICA.

THE United States Senate has refused to ratify the proposed treaty between the United States and Mexico which were signed by Mr. Frey at the American Minister at Mexico, on the 11th of February. These treaties were five in number, depending one on the other, and the whole coming to an arrangement, the object of which was to extract Mexico from its financial embarrassments. Telegraphic despatches from Washington announce the basis of a new treaty with Mexico. It embraces the acquisition of Sonora and Sinaloa, with the command of the Gulf of California, in consideration of a sum of money.

Important news had arrived from Kansas. Governor Geary had resigned. The outrages of the border ruffians had been authenticated. It is stated that the southern members of the Cabinet have resolved that a southern man shall be appointed Governor of Kansas.

Mormon affairs in Utah are in a dreadful state. It is said the Brigham Young is to be superseded, and a military force sent into the territory.

The new administration is contemplating the anticipated Spanish invasion of Mexico with jealousy, and great difficulties are expected to arise out of it.

A report prevailed that the American minister and the special commissioner had demanded their passports from the government of New Granada, because the latter had rejected the overtures from America respecting the Panama massacre. A sloop of war had arrived at Panama.

Nearly the whole of the business portion of Plymouth, Iowa, was destroyed by fire on the 22nd ult. Loss estimated at 100,000 dolrs.

Commander Swartwout, of the United States steamer *Massachusetts*, has made an interesting report of an engagement fought on the 21st of May last, between the crew of that vessel and a band of North Russian Indians, near Port Gamble, Washington Territory. The United States force had one man killed and one wounded, and the Indians lost twenty-seven killed and twenty-one wounded—among the latter one of their chiefs. The Indians sued for peace, and promised to go to Victoria, and never visit Puget Sound again.

A full official list from the Adjutant-General of General Walker's army of all the men who at various times have joined his force, has appeared in the "New York Times." This gives the following summary:—Whole number reported, 2,288; whole number there, 2,277; aggregate deaths, 685; killed in action, 131; resigned, 37; discharged, 206; deserted, 204; missing, 114; total remaining in the army, February 24th, 733. This does not include Colonel Lockridge's force on the river, about 300 men. The whole of Walker's force in Nicaragua at the present time is thus seen to be not far from 1,000.

The correspondent of the "Daily News," writing from Greytown, on the 7th of March, reports that the Costa Ricans attacked the filibusters, who were forcing Fort Castello, and caused them to retreat. It was said that the leaders of the filibusters, Wheel and Titus, were the first to run. The latter was arrested by Captain Cockburn, senior officer of the British squadron, in the absence of Captain Erskine, for shaking his fist in the face of Captain de Horsey, of H.M.S. *Victor*, and using disgusting language. Titus persisting in this outrageous manner, after being repeatedly warned, Captain Cockburn was notified of his conduct, and orders were at once sent to arrest him, and prevent the filibustering steamers from leaving, for this infamous treatment of a British officer while in the performance of his duty. He was arrested whilst trying to escape, and conveyed on board the *Cossack*. On Captain Erskine's return, he instantly ordered the release of Colonel Titus and the re-delivery of the steam-boats to the filibusters.

Respecting the railway accident near Hamilton (Canada), we learn that the engine had been raised. Everything went to show that the axle broke on the bridge or very near it, and that the fall of the bridge was from the concussion. The bridge was tested with three heavy English engines, and hardly any vibration was perceptible.

## THE NEUCHÂTEL QUESTION.

THE conferences at Paris still go on; and the chief demands of Prussia, as modified, are now said to be—a full and complete amnesty for all who took part in the rising of last September, and for those concerned in previous movements; conservation in the Prussian Royal Family of the title of Prince of Neuchâtel; and payment by Switzerland of the expenses arising out of the recent transactions. On these conditions, it is stated, the King of Prussia will renounce his sovereignty. The affair is far from settled yet; and the forms of the Swiss Republic are likely to protrude the negotiation considerably.

FAMINE IN THE NORTH.—The famine in Finland continues, and has reached a frightful point, many having actually died of starvation. The harvest last year, it seems, fell far short of the wants of the population—whence the present distress. The poor have been living on a bread composed of bark and straw; but many have been unable to obtain even this sustenance. In the north of Sweden things are as bad. Lapland is suffering fearfully, and it is even said that children have gnawed their own hands from hunger, and that adults have died from starvation while endeavouring to sustain life by straw. The Swedish Government has acted energetically in giving relief to the famishing.

RUMOURS FROM INDIA.—A strange report was current in Calcutta last week. Lord Canning, it was said, had sent home his resignation, because the conduct of the Persian war had been taken out of his hands. The Indian Government had determined to pay Dost Mohammed a subsidy of £10,000 per month to be expended on the fortification of Candahar, but which it is supposed will be absorbed at Cabul. We have obtained permission to send three officers to Candahar. The Ameer stoutly resisted a proposal to aid him with troops. Mr. C. Kerley Jackson, Chief Commissioner of Oude, has been sent back to the north-western Provinces, and Sir Henry Lawrence has obtained the appointment.

SIR HENRY BARKLY IN AUSTRALIA.—The arrival of the *Onedra*, having his Excellency Sir H. Barkly on board, was notified to the inhabitants of Melbourne by the discharge of artillery about ten o'clock in the evening of the 23rd of December. His Excellency the acting Governor, several Members of the Executive and Legislature, were at the time patrolling the steamer given at Cremorne in aid of the Soldiers' Daughters' Fund; but on the announcement of the arrival of the new Governor, they took their departure. As soon as possible after arrival, Sir Henry intimated his desire that his entry into Melbourne should be as quiet and as privately arranged as possible, and accordingly the hasty preparations previously made for his official reception were considerably curtailed.

A DREAM AND A DARK INTERPRETATION.—It is reported in Paris that the Emperor dreams every night that he sees three rats—one fat, one lean, and one blind. The following very curious interpretation of this dream is said to have been given by a personage who was invited to speak frankly:—"The interpretation of your dream, Sir, is plain; the fat rat signifies the courtiers who bask in the sunshine of your favour; the lean rat is the people, who find the necessities of life dearer and dearer every day; and the blind rat is yourself, who do not see that the lean rat will soon eat up the fat one and the blind one too."

REWARDS FOR SAVING LIFE.—On the morning of the 19th ult., the British barque *Haltwhistle*, James Patterson, master, was stranded off the heights of Calantsoog, when the Dutch pilot boat *Rinkelara* put off to her assistance, and succeeded in saving the lives of the crew, consisting of fourteen hands; but the master and mate declining to leave the ship, a boat, manned by a pilot and an apprentice, put off to their assistance. In consequence of the boisterous state of the weather, she was upset, and the pilot unhappily drowned; but the apprentice succeeded in swimming to shore, after three hours' perseverance. Signals of distress being still sent from the ship, the said apprentice, together with another apprentice and a seaman, put off in a boat, and after much exertion and danger, succeeded in saving the captain and mate. These circumstances having been represented to the Board of Trade, they have, in consideration of the gallantry displayed, awarded the following:—To the master of the pilot-boat, £5; crew of ditto, consisting of nine persons, £2 each—£18; to the relatives of the pilot who was drowned, and who belonged to the first boat, £10; to the apprentice who swam ashore, £10; to the three persons in the last boat, £10 each—£30.



## AFFAIRS IN CHINA.

## ATTEMPT TO BURN H.M.S. COMUS.

On Monday night, the 26th of January (the first night of the China New Year and the favourite period for any desperate undertaking), an attempt was made by the Chinese to burn her Majesty's ship *Comus* by means of fire-ships. About midnight, two large junks, which had been well prepared, crammed with fern, taggots, and all kinds of inflammable materials, well saturated with oil and besprinkled with gunpowder, were sent up Elliot Passage towards the Fatsan Creek—a strong breeze and flood in their favour. The *Comus* was here moored head and stern in the main branch of the river, one broadside commanding Elliot Passage, the other Fatsan Creek. The guard-boat, which had just left the ship, observed them, and immediately hailed. Finding no answer, she opened fire, a proceeding which was quickly followed by the ship, and this warning caused the Chinese to fire their junks instantly, and escape. In a few minutes the junks were in a blaze, and came up heavily on the *Comus*, one taking her stern, the other on the bow. The sternmost one fortunately cleared away the spunker beam, which accident took her clear of the ship without giving further annoyance; and the other, which by this time was in a furious blaze, was kept some little distance off the ship by her fire. The sternmost was borne clear, the chain cable forward was slipped, enabling the ship to swing round to the flood, and avoid the fire-raft, which they succeeded in anchoring. The *Comus's* fore rigging was damaged, and her forward and bows slightly burnt.

Notwithstanding the junks were perforated with shot holes, even under water, this did not sink them, or prevent the several explosions taking place. The *Comandante* was prompt in her assistance, having run down from Marco Fort to tow the *Comus* out of danger, if necessary. The following day, the Chinese fleet shifted its moorings well up the Fatsan Creek, having been annoyed by the *Niger's* shot, which took a mast clean out of one of the junks; and since then the *Comandante* and *Forbes* were sent down, and destroyed the village in Elliot Passage off which the fleet of war junks had been anchored.

## THE HORNET'S ENCOUNTER WITH A MANDARIN FLEET.

On the 10th of February, her Majesty's ship *Hornet*, Captain Forsyth, left the barrier off Hamilton Creek, and proceeded down the river for the purpose of visiting the vicinity of the Second Bar; and on approaching Escape and Iszekee Creeks, two divisions of junks that had been for some time annoying the ships on their way up and down the river, moved to the entrance of these creeks to meet her: they numbered in all about one hundred, accompanied by numerous row-boats. The *Hornet* first approached the divs on in Iszekee Creek, and anchoring within 800 yards of them, opened a rapid fire of shot and shell, with some charges of grape. When the attack commenced, the junks appeared crowded with men, but in a very short time, from the rapidity of the *Hornet's* fire, the Chinamen deserted the decks. Having silenced the division in Iszekee Creek, the *Hornet* weighed, and stood in to attack the division in Escape Creek, about fifty in number, at about the same distance, and kept up a sharp fire of grape-shot until the flood tide made, when both divisions moved back in the utmost confusion, scarcely a man being visible on their decks. Had the gun-boats of the division been there, a great number might no doubt have been destroyed. One junk, mounting 16 guns, principally English, grounded on a point in Escape Creek and was cut out by the *Hornet's* boats, under the command of Lieutenant Brock, notwithstanding the pinnace and cutter had been injured by round shot during the action. No attempt was made to defend the grounded junk. About 360 rounds of shot, shell, and grape were fired by the *Hornet*, and, being within 800 yards, almost every shot must have told. One junk was seen to blow up, and five or six more are reported by the Chinese to have afterwards sunk. The *Hornet* remained off Escape Creek during the night, and next morning, with the captured junk in tow, joined the Commander-in-Chief at the Barrier, Hamilton's Creek. Three men were found dead on board the captured junk, one apparently of rank. The *Hornet* escaped with small loss, considering the force opposed to her at such close quarters; she had only one man wounded, and one or two shot in her hull; her boats, however, were rather severely injured by round shot. The *Hong Kong*, under command of Lieutenant Dent, joined during the action, and opened fire upon the junks in Iszekee Creek. The *Niger*, as we learn from another note, had also some sort of skirmish with the junks, whilst reconnoitring. The number of war junks in the river must be enormous, the fleet in Escape Creek alone numbering upwards of 200, and the total cannot be estimated under 1,000.

## THE AUCLAND'S BRUSH WITH MANDARIN JUNKS.

The H.M. *Comus's* sister *Auckland* had a smart brush with Mandarin junks on Sunday, February 15, on which occasion she was accompanied by the small steamer *Eagle*. The engagement took place off Toong Chung, with four war junks heavily armed. After a smart fire the junks were captured and burnt. The steamer's boats pushed for the shore, where, on landing, they captured a battery mounting sixteen guns, which they spiked, and set fire to a village near by. To the westward were observed extensive fortifications, which it was found were too strong to be attacked without a larger force. One man belonging to the *Auckland* was shot dead through the eye, and four others were wounded. The *Eagle* having expended all her ammunition returned to Hong Kong. On her way she passed a very heavily armed and manned snake boat, and was glad to sneak past, not having a single charge of shot to fire.

## A "BLACK HOLE" IN HONG KONG.

The "China Mail" says that a "black hole" has been found for the Chinese in Hong Kong. Speaking from actual observation, the writer says "forty-two Chinese were crammed into a cell sixteen feet long by fifteen feet broad, furnished with only one small aperture for ventilation, and strictly confined there for twenty days! Covering they required none, for, as may easily be supposed, the den was in a perfect stew, the air-hole being only eleven inches high by six feet long, and placed in the extreme upper corner of the room." The prisoners, some boys, others old men, were none of them condemned felons. They were in the employ of the Essing firm at the time of the late discoloured attempt at poisoning the Europeans; but there was no evidence against them: the really accused have since been acquitted. The imprisonment was not all, however. According to the "China Mail," the victims were left, after a time, without food except such as their friends or neighbours gave them. At the representations of a medical gentleman who visited the hole with the writer in the "China Mail," the prisoners were removed to better quarters. The same paper says that 150 men, against whom no charge was definitely brought, were confined for twenty-eight hours in the open air without food.

## CONDITION OF HONG KONG.

The "Hong Kong Government Gazette" notifies that the defence of the colony necessitates the call for a police tax of ten per cent. It is understood that Albin, the baker of poisoned bread distributed to the community, though acquitted by the jury, is to be detained by the government until the war is ended. There appears to be no prospect of an early termination to hostilities, and it is to be feared that the difficulties will extend to the other ports. The most perfect confidence is placed in Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, who, until reinforcements arrive, is in no enviable position.

TRAGEDY ON BOARD SHIP.—A letter dated Hong Kong, February 5th, says, "Another frightful Coolie tragedy is reported from Swatow, as having occurred on board the French ship *Annus*, of 632 tons, which left that place on the 29th January, with Coolies for Havaonah. The following day the Coolies rose upon and overpowered the crew, killed the captain, supercargo, and chief mate (the supercargo's son), and ran the vessel on shore at Fou-lai, about five miles above Braker's Point. The rest of the crew, with the surgeon, are safe on shore, and well treated by the Chinese, but held for a ransom of 500 dollars." A French ship was sent in search of the crew of the *Annus*. The remains of the commander, Cavignac, were found near Braker's Point, and were interred by the officers of the corvette; the French sailors were nearly all recovered, and there were hopes that the others would be saved. The Chinese who were instigators of the plot, and who were pointed out as the assassins of Captain Cavignac, were arrested, and were to be tried by a court-martial.

ORDERS HAVE BEEN RECEIVED AT PORTSMOUTH for expediting, by night and day work, the gunboat for the China.

## IRELAND.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH FROM POISONING.—The Rev. James Alexander, LL.D., expired at his residence, Killgully, near Ferbane, from the consequences of having partaken of arsenic in arrowroot. The Rev. Gentleman sent to the shop of a grocer for a pound of arrowroot, which unhappily was made up with a careless addition of arsenic by the shopman, who has been held to bail by the local magistrates.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—The "exode," as it was called, has not quite ceased in the west of Ireland. Above one hundred persons, male and female, passed from Westport to Liverpool, for America, last week.

ELECTION RIOTS.—There have been some disgraceful election riots in the town of Tipperary. The supporters of Mr. Waldron were pelted with stones, and some of them were severely injured. At the Drogheda election the rioting was so serious that Mr. Brodigan ceased to poll, and intimated his intention of setting aside Mr. McCann's return. The election for Dublin University was also marked by disorders. After the declaration of the election of Messrs. Napier and Hamilton, the students of Trinity College assembled to march in triumph round the statue of William III. on College Green. A crowd of working people met to oppose the procession, which was known to have been arranged beforehand. Placards had been therefore posted by the police, forbidding the assemblage of persons in the neighbourhood, and above 200 constables, and a troop of horse patrol, were posted near the Green. The students assembled inside the College railings, and shouted Orange cries at the people without, who returned them in kind. At length, some 300 of the students made a sortie from the gates, and proceeded about twenty yards in the direction of the statue; but the order of the procession was broken by the police, and the students got back within the College precincts, after a slight "skirmish" with the constables. The students did not afterwards forsake their defences, but diverted themselves with hallooing, and throwing oranges, rotten eggs, and even stones, at the police and the people. When tired of this amusement, they retired, and all was quiet. At the nomination for Queen's County several skulls were fractured, and some electors were severely beaten. In the course of the day it was scarcely possible for the agents or well-known supporters of any of the candidates to move about without an escort. An application was made to Government for additional military forces for Borris-in-Osney and Abbeyleix, where party spirit and excitement ran so high that serious disturbances were anticipated. The Government sent down resident magistrates, with police and military, to the different polling places.

## SCOTLAND.

A FREAK OF FORTUNE.—The distant relatives of a Calcutta merchant, recently deceased, who was a native of Rothay, have just come to the knowledge that their ancestor, of whom they scarcely ever heard, has bequeathed the enormous fortune of £1,500,000 sterling to those of his relations who can be discovered. Those already known number about thirty, and several of them are now resident in Greenock, Dumbarton, and Glasgow.

DOG POISONING.—A wholesale system of dog poisoning has been going on in Forfarshire for some time past, and a great many useful animals have been destroyed. A meeting of farmers, who are the chief losers, has been held. They resolved to use every means to bring the guilty parties to justice. The Procurator-Fiscal has intimated an inquiry for this purpose.

DINNER TO MR. THACKERAY AT EDINBURGH.—Mr. Thackeray was entertained by his Edinburgh admirers at the New Royal Hotel, on Thursday week. Lord Neaves was the chairman; Mr. Stirling of Keir, M.P., the vice-chairman. Some pleasant speeches were made, particularly one by Mr. Thackeray, in which he defended himself with good humoured sarcasm from those critics who accuse him of never saying anything good of anybody. He said, "Allow me to say that, with these dinners, and with this kindness, and with this hospitality, you are taking my bread out of my mouth. It is quite an error to suppose that I am a man possessing any benevolent feelings or any generous sympathies with my fellow creatures. My business is to find out snobishness and meanness, and vulgarity, and base motives in all the people among whom I go. I read in scores and scores of valuable critical works that such is my only task—that such is the dreary occupation of my existence. It is said that if I try to speak of a good man, I render him absurd, and mean, and vulgar; and of a good woman, that she, too, is foolish, and rapid, and insignificant; that it is only with agreeable vice that somehow or other my business in life lies; and, in fine, that to picture wickedness and selfishness, and meanness, is my task." Mr. Thackeray then defended what we could scarcely have conceived to be in danger—his loyalty, which, however, seems to have been somewhat impugned in consequence of his picture of George IV. Proceeding to excuse himself, he said, "I do not hold any dangerous revolutionary opinions. As far as I know of my political opinions, I belong to the class that I see around me here—the class of lawyers, and merchants, and scholars, and men who are striving on in the world—of men of the educated middle classes of this country. And, belonging to them, my sympathies are with my countrymen. They are men in whom I believe, the safety, the hope, and the main part of the intelligence of our country."

MYSTERIOUS POISONING CASE.—Painful rumours have been circulated in Glasgow for some days about the death of a young foreigner, under circumstances which have led to the apprehension of a young lady on suspicion of having poisoned him. A close intimacy had, it seems, subsisted between Pierre Emile L'Angelier, a young Frenchman in the employ of Messrs. Huggins and Co., and Miss Madeleine Smith, daughter of an architect, of Blythswood Square. On Saturday the 21st, or Sabbath morning, the 22nd ult., this young gentleman, when at Bridge-of-Allan, received a letter from Miss Smith, desiring a meeting with him. It is understood that he took the train to Greenhill, whence, being Sabbath, he walked to Glasgow. He paid a visit to his lodgings that evening, for a brief space, and on going out took with him the latch-key, saying that he would be late. He did not return till about two in the morning, when he complained of violent suffering. A medical gentleman was sent for, who prescribed for the case, and retired, apparently without any suspicion of poisoning. During the night the young man continued to be in great agony, and was attended from time to time by his landlady. On Monday forenoon, when the medical gentleman again called, he found that his patient was dead. The case being of so unusual a character, the firm with which the young man was connected ordered a post-mortem examination, when the presence of arsenic was at once detected. A judicial investigation followed, and the suspicions attaching to Miss Smith became so strong that she was at length apprehended. It is not matter of any doubt that the young lady had purchased arsenic, but we hear that this was said to be for use as a cosmetic. It is understood that Miss Smith was to have been married to L'Angelier, but that a match of a much more eligible description in a worldly point of view had recently presented itself, and been encouraged by her parents.

## THE PROVINCES.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.—At the Taunton assizes, last week, Miss Tuckett, the daughter of Mr. Tuckett, who, during his lifetime, was Registrar of the Court of Bankruptcy at Bristol, obtained £1,000 damages from Mr. Wellington, a gentleman of some fortune, residing in the neighbourhood of Bristol, for breach of promise of marriage. The defendant solicited the plaintiff several times, and in June last he spoke to a Miss Barnett, a friend of the Tuckett family, stating to her that he was very much pleased with Miss Tuckett, and should be glad to make her his wife. Miss Barnett told him he should consider well of it, because she had no money, and her two sisters were out as governesses. The defendant said he did not want money, as he had £700 a year, and as to the sisters being governesses, he respected them for it, and that would not be any objection. The defendant was then introduced to Mrs. Tuckett, and he made an offer of marriage, and was received as the acknowledged suitor of Miss Tuckett. He continued his attentions for six weeks, and then wrote to say his uncle, Mr. Blakemore, disapproved of the match, as Miss Tuckett's sisters were governesses in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Blakemore's residence in Wales; and he then broke off the acquaintance.

A MUMMY IN AN AUCTION ROOM.—The Egyptian mummy which has been lying at Southampton docks, was sold at auction on Friday week. It was knocked down for a small sum. Some Bedouin, or Copt, had, it appears, unrolled it, and diminished its value. The bones and skull were visible. The latter was of small size. The coffin was well preserved, and on its lid was raised the resemblance of a beautiful human face, the features of which had that sphinx-like repose so characteristic of Egyptian art. It was curious to notice persons, amidst the levity of a modern auction-room, looking at a skull, the living eyes of which might have been seen Jacob, the progenitor of the Jewish nation, enter Egypt, or behold Pharaoh, at the head of his army, en route to the Red Sea, in pursuit of the emancipated Israelites.

ESCAPE FROM HAVREPOURVIST JAIL.—On Wednesday week, two prisoners, named Thomas and White, effected their escape from the Old Castle, at Havre-pourvost. The two men freed themselves by forcing the doors of their cells, and by the use of an iron bar which they removed from their window, they forced their way through the jail to a room known as the "mill room," which is situated on the outside of the walls, and overlooks the public road. Having supplied themselves with a portion of rope and some chain, together with the blankets from their cells, the two fellows managed to effect a descent from this window, which is about 150 feet from the ground.

THE BARNESLEY COLLIERY EXPLOSION.—The operation of drawing the water out of the Land Hill colliery is proceeding as satisfactorily as could have been expected. Considering the quantity of water drawn out per minute, as compared with the quantity previously run in per minute, it is very doubtful whether it can be exhausted in less than six weeks from the 24th ult., when the drawing operations were commenced.

THE KIDDERMINSTER ELECTION RIOTS.—The inquiry into this affair is still pending, the military still remain in the town, and excitement is still evinced by the inhabitants. John Hayes and John Cooke, who were arrested at the time, have been fined 30s, with costs. Another man was fined a shilling for breaking a window. Several other charges have been made, and a large number of warrants have been issued.

ATTEMPT TO MURDER A POLICEMAN.—John Faux, who had just returned from a convict settlement on a ticket-of-leave, and George Faux, had conceived some malice against a member of the Somerset constabulary named Webb, whose beat lay near the little hamlet of Denny. Intending to waylay Webb, these men came across another constable named Henry, whom they mistook for Webb. They accordingly assaulted him, one kicking him violently about the head and body, while the other, who was armed with a knife, stabbed him twice in the side. Having rendered the unfortunate constable partially insensible, they made off. This occurred on Friday.

INCENDIARISM BY A TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN.—Two young men—John Tooney, who described himself as a paperstainer from London, and George Stokes, cutter, Sheffield—were brought before the magistrates at Sheffield on Friday week, charged with setting fire to a wheat stack belonging to Mrs. Winter, of Attercliffe. Damage was done to the amount of more than £10. The prisoners were seen beside the stack before it was fired by some men who were working near. They were observed to run off a short distance when the flames broke out, but shortly afterwards returned and stood among the spectators. They were accused of firing the stack, and Tooney said they knew who had done it, and would tell a policeman. They were thereupon detained, and shortly afterwards given in charge to Policeman Kenney, to whom Tooney said, "I'm the man that set it on fire." He further said that he was a ticket-of-leave man, having been discharged in July last; that he had applied in vain for employment, and had been travelling from place to place in search of work for four months. He said, "We could get no employment, and must do something; we could not perish in the streets." Stokes made no statement. Both prisoners were committed for trial.

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.—A man named Astin was, a short time since, charged before the magistrates of Burnley with having, on the night of the 18th of February, 1857, broken into a cotton mill at Padiham, and with having cut and wantonly destroyed a great quantity of cotton warps and worsted heads and machinery, thereby inflicting damage to the amount of nearly £300. The evidence against the prisoner was very strong; and, after a patient examination, he was committed for trial. On Monday week, Astin appeared in the dock of the Crown Court at Liverpool, before Baron Martin, in due course. The prisoner was a shareholder, and had been in the employment of the association (known as the Padiham Cotton League Company) to which the destroyed property belonged; but he had been discharged. On hearing this, Baron Martin interposed, and stated that the prisoner "was clearly a partner in law, and to that extent an owner of the property, and, as such, not indictable" under the only act applicable to his offence.

ANOTHER STRIKE IN PRESTON.—The workpeople in the employ of Mr. Hollins, cotton spinner, Royal Sovereign Mill, Church Street, Preston, have struck work in consequence of their refusal to submit to a reduction of ten per cent. on the wages they have been receiving. About 300 hands are now out of employment. A committee has been appointed to solicit subscriptions from the workpeople at other mills, as well as the general public.

PAUPER CHAINING.—The Rochdale guardians have reported to the Poor-law Board, for dismissal, Peter Hopkins, master of the Marland workhouse, first, because he is too rash and hasty in his temper; second, because he neglected to inform the visiting committee that he had resorted to the restraining of Mary Bentley with a chain; and, third, because Mary Bentley was reported a dangerous lunatic without the knowledge of the guardians.

SUSPECTED POISONINGS.—On the afternoon of Sunday, the 22nd ult., Mr. Joseph Hodson, farmer, of Collingham, near Newark, North Nottinghamshire, was found sitting upright in a chair in his house, quite dead. An inquest was held on the following day, and by adjournment on the 30th ult., when it was ascertained that a parcel containing a mince pie had been taken by a boy to the Queen's Head Inn, Newark, to be conveyed to Mr. Hodson by the Collingham carrier; but the latter having left before the arrival of the parcel, it was detained by the landlady until the following Saturday, and then given to the deceased. A portion of this pie was found on the table of the deceased. Some of it was afterwards given to a cat, which died in a few hours. The contents of the stomach of the deceased were analysed, and found to contain arsenic. A reward of £2 has been offered for the discovery of the boy who left the parcel at the Queen's Head. The deceased was a person of very penurious habits, and supposed to have a considerable amount of money. The inquest was further adjourned.

## THE "MUTINY" IN THE MERSEY.

PETER CAMPBELL was charged before Mr. Baron Bramwell, at Chester, with shooting James Chrystie, at Birkenhead, on the 19th of January.

Charles Vanderpole, a seaman, at present living at Liverpool, deposed that on Saturday evening, the 11th of January, he went on board a boat to go to the Robin Hood, for which ship he had been engaged, but was taken to the James L. Bogart. It was between ten and eleven o'clock at night. He saw the prisoner, who was the second mate, standing on the gangway. The name of the mate was Furber. Witness was awake the following morning between five and six, by the second boatswain, and sent to clean the topgallant fore-castle. The prisoner then called them to breakfast. After breakfast they were standing up, and prisoner told the second boatswain to go to the fore-castle and take some men with him. A seaman named Chrystie told the second mate that he did not ship for that vessel. On which prisoner seized hold of him by the back of the neck. Chrystie ran away. The prisoner then cried out, "Shoot them if they won't work," and fired three times at Chrystie. The chief mate fired also. After firing they went off. Chrystie then came and stood by witness. The prisoner and the chief mate came to them. The prisoner then said, "Will you work?" They replied, "We will if you will treat us like men." The prisoner then fired at witness, but did not hit him. He heard a ball whistle past. Prisoner then fired at Chrystie, and the latter cried out, "Oh, God, I'm shot!" Before firing the prisoner said, "I'll shoot everyone of you." Chrystie stood still after being shot. One of the men then struck the chief mate with a handspike, and he fell on deck bleeding very much. The pilot and steward then ran up a signal of distress, and soon after the officers came on board. The chief mate and Chrystie were taken to the hospital.

These statements were supported by other witnesses, including Chrystie. The latter said:—After breakfast, the boatswain came on deck and counted us. I told the prisoner I did not ship for the vessel, and I would not work. The prisoner then laid hold of me and said, "What did you say?" I again repeated what I said before, when the chief mate (who was standing by) ordered me to be put in irons. I got from them, and ran away. Both mates ran after me, but could not catch me. They fired five or six times at me. I went on the top of the fore-gallant fore-castle, when both mates came up and each presented a pistol at my head. The prisoner had a sword as well as a pistol. When he presented the pistol at my head, he asked me to work. I said I would not. He then said, "If you don't, I will shoot you." He then fired and shot me in the thigh. He fired at me twice on the top-gallant fore-castle. The first shot did not take effect; the second did, and lodged itself in my left leg. I then shouted out, "I'm shot." Before I was shot, the crew were at work. I did not see any handspikes in the hands of the crew before I was shot. The pilot and steward then hoisted a flag of distress. Before I was shot, I had a knife in my hand for the purpose of unlash some spars. I had no knife in my hand when I was shot.

The jury, after deliberating several hours, found the prisoner guilty. His Lordship, in sentencing him, said—Peter Campbell, for several hours your life has been at stake. I have never heard such a case in all my life. You, with a murderous weapon in your hand, went about the decks of your vessel firing upon the crew. There is no kind of excuse to be found in the evidence for this conduct. God's mercy alone prevented you from murdering the man, and then you would have been tried for the most fearful crime. I must mark your crime with such a punishment as will be a warning to all others. This is a land in which such things are not to be tolerated. I shall mark your crime with the highest punishment allotted by the law. The sentence of the Court upon you is, that you be transported beyond the seas for the term of your natural life.

The sentence created considerable excitement in Court. The prisoner's face was flushed for an instant on hearing his sentence, and he left the Court deeply moved.

GALLANT CONDUCT.—On the morning of the 20th of last November, while the Electric sloop was on her passage from Auckland for Sydney, she was struck by a whirlwind, which threw her on her beam-ends, and she began to fill. The ship was under all sail, except royals, and every one on board expected she would go down. In this emergency, a seaman, named William Stevenson, came forward and cut the main sheet; the vessel again righted, and was saved. The whirlwind lasted about three minutes; the Electric at the time was in lat. 32.4 south, long. 168.12 east.

## CAPTURE OF BUSHIRE.

The capture of Bushire by the English fleet derives renewed interest from the intelligence lately received of the resolution formed by the Persians to recapture the place, and of the success with which General Outram foiled their plan and baffled the attempt.

On landing at Bushire (such is the account given), it came to the knowledge of the Gallant General that, with such an object in view, the Persian authorities were assembling a large force of all arms at a village called Burazjoun, about forty-six miles from Bushire, and near the mouth of the hill passes that lead up to Shiraz. It was reported that Soojah-ool-Moolk, commanding at the place, had already round his colours 8,500 men, and it was certain that very large reinforcements were on their way to join him. Under these circumstances, the General formed the bold resolution of anticipating the impending attack by himself assuming the offensive. The result was the victory at Khoosh-ab.





THE PERSIAN WAR: THE ATTACK ON BUSHIRE.—(FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.)





GOOD FRIDAY: THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS.—(FROM THE PICTURE BY RUBENS IN ANTWERP CATHEDRAL.)



THE NEW PARLIAMENT.  
RESULTS OF THE POLLS.

ABERDEENSHIRE.		HANTS (SOUTH).	
Haddo-L C	Unopposed.	Dutton-C	Unopposed.
Sykes-L	1035	Jervoise-L	"
Leith	849	Robertson-L	"
Finlay-L	Unopposed.	Nutt-L	"
Miller-L C	175	Clifford-L	"
Bond	162	Clive-L	"
Ennis-L	100	Cotterell-L	3360
Handcock	50	Blakemore-C	2794
Stuart-L	1662	King	2761
Ferguson	1458	Hanbury	2469
Crawford-L	Unopposed.	Rust-C	1173
Earl of Fife-L	"	Heathcote-L	1104
Stuart Wortley-L	"	Fellowes	1093
Russell-L	1565	Clifford-L	730
Gilpin-C	1878	Fleming	609
Higgins	1344	Bridges-C	2398
Stuart	1247	Dering-C	2336
Cairns-L	1479	Deedes	2286
Davidson-L	1410	Acheson	80
M'Lean	995	Martin-L	3893
Ferguson	733	Whitman-L	3583
M'Clure	536	Smith	3164
Palmer-C	1804	Cogan-L	Unopposed.
Bonville-L	1524	Henchy-L	"
Vansittart-C	1491	Sullivan-L	213
Vernon	1363	Devereux	173
Scott-C	394	Artbuthnot-C	Unopposed.
Robertson	805	Mackie-L	365
Trail-L	Unopposed.	Maxwell	332
Ball-C	2776	Colebrook-L	1233
Adams-C	2615	Cochrane	1191
York	2494	Brown-L	Unopposed.
Madners	2131	Cheetham-L	"
Bunbury-C	Unopposed.	Manners-C	1791
Bruce-C	"	Farnham-C	1630
Alexander-C	127	Frewen	1253
Ponsonby	79	Packe-C	Unopposed.
Dobbs-C	560	Curzon-C	"
M'Donnough	384	Mansell-L	"
O'Brien-L	54	De Vere-L	"
Hemphill	39	Trollope-C	4016
Lanigan	35	Wilson-C	3625
Egerton-C	Unopposed.	Packe	3189
Legh-C	"	Richardson-L	Unopposed.
Egerton-C	"	Corbally-L	"
Tollmach-C	"	Mac Eoy-L	"
Deasy	3647	Hanbury-L	5426
M'Carthy	3303	Grosvenor-L	5324
Scully	1363	Chelsea	2916
Robartes-L	Unopposed.	Morgan-C	Unopposed.
Bendal-C	"	Somers-C	"
Davy-L	"	Wyndham-C	"
Williams-L	"	Tottenham-C	90
Wyndham-C	1850	Graves	71
Lowther-C	1827	Kirk-L C	246
Lawson	1551	Waring	231
Biddulph-C	Unopposed.	Winham-L	Unopposed.
Clarke	2014	Buxton-L	"
Green	1853	Oasulston-C	"
Bruce	1367	Lovaine-C	"
Cavendish-L	Unopposed.	Beaumont-L	"
Thorhill-L	"	Liddell-C	"
Evans-L	3885	Althorpe-L	2109
Colville-L C	3328	Knightly-C	1937
Cloves	2086	Vyse	1494
Stanhops	1968	Dundas-L	Unopposed.
Buller-L	2516	Damer-L C	"
Trefusis-C	2137	Walsh-C	"
Northcote	2020	Elliot-L	"
Sheridan-L	Unopposed.	Somers-L	150
Sturt-C	"	Wynne	144
Portman-L	2427	Adderley-C	3631
Sturt-C	2196	Child-C	3470
Seymer-C	2170	Buller	2641
Floyer	2157	Blackburn-C	Unopposed.
Rer-L	Unopposed.	Briscoe	1430
M'Cann-L	350	Drummond-C	1387
Brodiban	14	Currie	1302
Smollet-C	Unopposed.	Dodson-L	2527
Magnire-L	123	Pevensey-C	2444
Humble	104	Cavendish	2387
Pease-L	2568	Fuller	2214
Vane-L	25-8	March-C	Unopposed.
Farrer	2089	Wyndham-C	"
Cumming-B-C	Unopposed.	Stafford-L	"
Duff-L	"	O'Connell-L	"
Bramston-C	2330	Hamilton-C	"
Winkfield-L	2112	Corry-C	"
Smijth	2097	Newdegate-C	"
Archdall-C	Unopposed.	Spooner-C	"
Cole-C	"	Shirley-C	"
Mostyn-L	1148	King-L C	"
Glynne	857	Blake-L	519
Dunkell-L	643	Hassard-L	479
O'Flaherty-L	507	Barron	330
French	430	O'Dwyer	242
Talbot-L	2432	Magan-L	Unopposed.
Vivian-L	2272	Levinge-L	"
Vaughan	1633	M'Mahon	1374
Ringscot-L	Unopposed.	George	837
Rolt-C	"	Hatchell	684
Bench-C	1424	Escourt-C	Unopposed.
Slater-C	1378	Long-C	"
Carleton	844		

## WILTS (SOUTH).

Herbert-L	1517
Wyndham-L	1442
Thynne	1271
Dunbar-L	Unopposed.
Agnew-L	"

## YORK (NORTH RIDING).

Duncombe-C	5243
Cavley-C	4636
Dundas	4181
Hotham-C	Unopposed.
Duncombe-C	"

## YORK (EAST RIDING).

Hotham-C	Unopposed.
Duncombe-C	"

## ELECTIONEERING NOTES.

**ELECTION EXPENSES.**—The office of election auditor will forthwith be exercised. By the 17 and 18 Vict., c. 102, all persons are to send accounts of the expenses of an election within one month of the declaration to the candidate or his agent, or the claims to be barred. Within three months of the declaration the bills and claims are to be sent to the election auditor, stating whether he admits the whole or part. No payment is to be made in respect of an election except through the auditor. The candidate is to pay his personal expenses of advertising in the newspapers; but he is to send an account to the auditor. Refreshments given to voters on the day of election to be deemed illegal. Before nomination the candidate or his agent may pay any lawful and reasonable expenses. He is to send a true account to the auditor. The auditor is to be paid a fee of £10 by each candidate, and £2 per cent. on the payments. Several petitions have already been threatened for "expenses" paid beyond the scale permitted by the act against treating and bribery.

**DUMAS ON PALMERSTON.**—M. Alexandre Dumas, who is writing in the "Presse" about the English general election, says:—"Lord Palmerston appealed to the people. The people have already responded to that appeal by returning a formidable majority—perhaps more formidable one than the limited Liberalism of the Noble Lord would wish. For the Noble Lord undoubtedly belongs to the religious party which is not progressive—that is, to the Low Church; and the Noble Lord has always refused, if not in word, at least in deed, to consent to any real reforms. The Minister has called to his aid the giant power which is called public opinion. Now he will have to struggle with that giant."

**ELECTION PETITIONS.**—It is expected that a larger number of petitions against the return of members at the late elections will be presented at the meeting of Parliament than was ever known. Amongst others, the election of the two metropolitan constituencies, Finsbury and Lambeth, will be scrutinized. At a meeting of the electors, recently held in the former borough, Mr. Edwin James, Q.C., was stated to have given a decided opinion upon facts laid before him as to the incapacity of Mr. Cox's seat. The working of the new act for Preventing Bribery and Corrupt Practices will for the first time be tested.

**MR. LAYARD AT THE WIGTOWN BURGHS.**—Mr. Layard, smarting from his defeat at Aylesbury, made an erratic attempt to go in for the Wigtown Burghs. He was well received. The nomination took place on Wednesday week. Mr. Layard was duly proposed; he made a speech, carried the show of hands, and then withdrew. Sir William Dunbar was declared duly elected.

## THE REVENUE.

(FOR THE YEAR AND QUARTER TO MARCH 31, 1857.)  
The Official Return shows an increase on the quarter of £115,074, and on the year of £3,525,066.

**CUSTOMS.**—The increase on the year arises on nearly every head of duty, except tea and coffee, on which there is a decrease (or postponement) of revenue of one million, principally owing to the anticipated reduction of the duty in April. The quarter's revenue is more especially affected by the same cause.

**EXCISE.**—An increase in the year of £553,848, and in the quarter of £91,222, arising principally on spirits, hops, and paper, &c. There would have been a much greater increase but for the repeal of the war duty on malt, which has affected the revenue of the year about £1,000,000, and that of the quarter about £250,000 (including the drawbacks on stocks on hand).

**STAMPS.**—An increase of about £298,000 on the year, and £103,000 on the quarter, arising from additional revenue from legacy and succession duties, and other items.

**LAND AND ASSESSED TAXES.**—Unimportant variations both on the year and quarter.

**INCOME-TAX.**—Shows an increase of more than a million, derived from the additional twopenny in the pound imposed in 1855, and which did not take full effect until the second half of the year 1855-6. The quarter shows a smaller comparative increase, the full rate being then in operation.

**POST-OFFICE.**—An increase of correspondence has produced a similar addition to the revenue of both the quarter and the year.

**CROWN LANDS.**—No variation of any amount.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Casual variation only.

## ALARMING CONDITION OF THE EAST LONDON UNION.

Dr. LETHBRIDGE, the medical officer of health, recently read a report before a Court of the City Commission of Sewers, which gives an appalling picture of the condition of the Eastern division of the city. Dr. Lethbridge says that, in the East London Union, the mortality has been at the rate of 31.4 per 1,000—the average rate in England being 25.2, in large towns 27.4, in country districts 22.7. In the City Union the mortality of children was but 80 per cent. of all the deaths; in the Eastern Union it was as high as 43 per cent. Dr. Lethbridge has been at much pains during the last three months to ascertain the precise conditions of the dwellings, the habits, and the diseases of the poor in this district—and the results are frightful. 2,208 rooms have been most circumstantially inspected. In 1,969 of these rooms—all, in fact, that are at present inhabited—there are 5,791 inmates, belonging to 1,576 families, in whom every instinct of decency and propriety have long been smothered. Dr. Lethbridge says:—"Like my predecessor, I have seen grown persons of both sexes sleeping in common with their parents, brothers, sisters, and cousins, and even the casual acquaintance of a day's tramp occupying the same bed of filthy rags and straw—a woman suffering in travail in the midst of males and females of different families that tenant the same room. The patient cast down with fever, and the corpse waiting for interment, have no separation from each other, or from the rest of the inmates. I have notes of three or four localities, where 48 men, 73 women, and 59 children, are living in 34 rooms. They are distributed somewhat as follows—2 men, 2 women, and 3 children, in one room; 1 man, 2 women, and 3 children; 1 man, 4 women, and 3 children; 2 men, 3 women, and 1 child; 2 men, 1 woman, and 2 children; 1 man, 4 women, and 1 child; 1 man and 3 women; 2 men and 3 women; and so on." In a narrow passage, called Rose Alley, in Houndsditch, one of the localities above referred to, Dr. Lethbridge entered a back-room, and "found it occupied by 1 man, 3 women, and 2 children, and in it was the dead body of a poor girl who had died in childbirth a few days before. The body was stretched out on the bare floor without shroud or coffin. There it lay in the midst of the living." It is impossible that such a state of things should continue with impunity, morally or physically. So hideous a cancer in the very heart of the empire ought to be, and must be, removed.

**LOSS OF LIFE FROM SHIPWRECK AT BRIDLINGTON.**—A few days since, at Bridlington, near Hull, during a strong S.E. gale, a small bilbyboy schooner came ashore south of the harbour of that place. She went into the bay and anchored in the afternoon. She soon dragged her anchors. Being light and small, the seafaring people felt assured that she would come up high and dry; they would not therefore take the lifeboat out. The vessel got into back water. The coast-guard as usual, were on the alert, ready to render assistance. But late at night the vessel's lights suddenly disappeared. It was then ascertained that she had foundered with all hands, four in number. The loss of the vessel is attributed solely to her unseaworthiness. She was the schooner Venus, of Sandwich, and was quite rotten, and had been condemned many years ago. It is believed that, judging from the appearance of her bows, they had actually been pulled out by her anchors, causing her of course to founder immediately.

**A SOLITARY VOYAGER.**—The Schooner Happy Return, which left Sunderland with coals on the 28th ult., has been towed into Dundee by the Hull steamer Queen, with only one hand (a lad named William Charlton) on board. It seems that, after leaving Sunderland, the schooner had encountered a heavy gale, and lost her main boom; had her sails split, and her bulwarks carried away. Her crew got on board a foreign vessel near the South Bell Light, but for some reason or other not explained, they left the lad on board. After the crew left the boy in the leaky and disabled bark, in a rough and stormy sea, it appears he had pumped her and kept her before the wind, until, exhausted with his efforts to keep the crazy craft afloat, he went below to bed after securing the wheel, and slept soundly for several hours. He was awoke by the steamer coming alongside. When the schooner was got into Dundee, it was ascertained that she was making 3½ inches of water an hour.

**MR. BRIGHT HAS WRITTEN A FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF MANCHESTER,** in which he intimates his intention of retiring altogether from public life.

**THE TRANSIT TROOP SHIP** en route to Hong Kong with about 800 officers and men of the 59th and 90th regiments, returned to Portsmouth on Wednesday in a sinking state. Meeting with a dense fog, she had come to anchor near Lymington, but before morning it appeared that she had driven on her anchor, and had a hole knocked in her bottom.

**WILLIAM WEBB** was tried on Thursday for wounding Alfred Buckler in a railway carriage. He was found guilty, and sentenced to transportation for life.

**THREE PARTNERS** in one brewery firm will have seats in the new House—Sir E. N. Buxton, for East Norfolk; Mr. Charles Buxton, for Newport, Isle of Wight; and Mr. Robert Hanbury, the younger, for Middlesex.

**A JUNK**, from Canton, bound to Singapore and Penang, was driven ashore on the morning of the 4th of January, on the east coast of Bintang, and became a total wreck. 120 Chinese out of 340 who were on board were drowned.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

## RUBENS'S "DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."

EASTER has again come round; and our readers, who are celebrating the due devotion a season kept holy throughout Christendom in memory of the Saviour's Crucifixion, will regard, we hope, with satisfaction the picture on the preceding page from that world-renowned painter by Peter Paul Rubens, played in the Cathedral of Antwerp, and known as the "Descent from the Cross." Perhaps no subject could be treated more appropriately on this occasion.

From the earliest period of the Christian era, this solemn fast has been celebrated under the name of "Holy Friday." Our Saxon forefathers called it "Long Friday," in allusion to the length of the offices and fastings. The term "Good" is of more recent origin, and was, we believe, adopted by the Church of England to express the blessed results of the solemn fast celebrated.

In Roman Catholic countries "Good Friday" is kept with great solemnity. In St. Peter's, at Rome, the hundred lambs that burn over the altar, the tomb are extinguished; and a stupendous cross of light is seen suspended from the dome between the altar and the nave. This extraordinary display is supposed to have originated in the sublime imagination of Michael Angelo, and the effect of it is to shed over the edifice a soft and pleasing light.

On board vessels belonging to Catholic countries, a singular custom is resorted to by sailors to show their respect for Good Friday, and to avoid the horror of the traitor Judas. A human figure, stuffed with rags and dressed in old clothes, is hoisted about daybreak at the yard-arm or in the rigging, and there continues suspended till the setting of the sun, when it is cast down, abused in language more expressive than refined, torn to pieces, and cast into the sea.

## OBITUARY.

**DOUGLAS, LORD.**—At Bothwell Castle, on the 6th inst., died James, Lord Douglas. The deceased Peer was the son of the first Henry Douglas, whose name "The Great Douglas Cause"—the most important trial of the last century—was carried on. He was born in 1787, and succeeded to the title of Viscountess on the death of his brother, in 1848. He married in May, 1833, Williamina, second daughter of the late General James Murray. The deceased Peer was principally either at Douglas Castle or at Bothwell Castle, and took an active part in public affairs. He was also very seldom absent from the House of Lords. Lord Douglas had been in indifferent health for a long time, and the illness which finally carried him off was only of two or three weeks' duration. Dying childless, he is succeeded in his estates—which are principally situated in Clydesdale, and estimated to be worth about £55,000 per annum—by his only daughter, Lady Elizabeth, married in 1832 to the Earl of Home, second son of the Marquis of the illustrious Gaspard, Earl of Dunbar and March. The deceased Peer was the mother of a large family, the eldest of whom is Lord Douglas.

**KITH, VISCOUNTESS.**—On the 31st ult., at her residence in Piccadilly, died 98, died Viscountess Kith, daughter of the late Henry Thoby, Esq., of Surrey, and a near relation of Dr. Johnson's friend, Mrs. Thoby. In 1808 she became the second wife of George, first Viscount Kith, the celebrated naval officer, and companion in arms of Nelson, Jervis, and Collingwood, but was left a widow at his death in 1823. By his first ladyship had only one daughter, Georgiana, Augusta-Henrietta, who was married in 1831 to the Hon. Augustus Vane, second son of the Earl of Jersey.

## THE CARDINAL IN DIFFICULTIES.

An action was on Saturday brought at Goucester by the Abbé Roux, a French priest, lately in a cure at Chelsea, against Cardinal Wiseman. The action was to recover damages, assessed at £1,000, for breach of contract; the plaintiff alleging that the defendant had received from him a document signed by the Princess Letitia Bonaparte, niece to the Emperor of France, which document (the Cardinal) had either lost or disposed of in some other way. The document in question was an acknowledgment on the part of the lady that she owed him 25,000 francs, which she desired her children should pay as a "sacred debt."

These appear to be the facts:—The Princess Letitia Bonaparte, the eldest daughter of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and first cousin to the present Emperor Napoleon, having married Mr. Wise, afterwards the Right Hon. Thomas Wise, our minister at the court of Athens, and having subsequently been separated from her husband on account of her dissipation, took up her residence in France, and was allowed £200 a year by her husband. There she became involved in pecuniary difficulties, and the plaintiff visited her and advanced money for her to pay her servants and creditors, to rescue her from a matrimonial desertion, and to recover furniture and jewels. Plaintiff alleged that she then signed the acknowledgment of debt of 25,000 francs, and this he had placed in the hands of Cardinal Wiseman, and now the paper was not forthcoming. The paper was a valuable memento of the Emperor had expressed his readiness to pay the debts of his family.

Letters were read addressed by the Cardinal to the Abbé, in reply to applications made by him to his Eminence for the paper, in which the Cardinal expressed a belief that the paper had been given up to Mr. Wise among some other objects of his son. His Eminence promised to write a letter to the Emperor of France on the subject; and subsequently, on the Abbé's pressing him, the Cardinal told him to write out a draft of a letter himself, and he (the Cardinal) would copy it. The Abbé had seen Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who had undertaken to deliver the letter to the Emperor. The Abbé never got the promised letter.

In cross-examination, the Abbé said he had borrowed two sums of £500, and 7,000 francs from two ladies, for the purpose of making the advances. His son was living in Paris, but not in great poverty. He supported her, but she complained of his making advances to Madame Wise. He never heard of the Archbishop of Paris complaining of his frequenting the house of the Princess. He never told the Princess (Madame Wise) that he had put the securities on the fire. Was afterwards appointed to a cure at Chelsea, represented of the value of £200 a year, but which turned out to be only £30 a year. Complaints were made against him, and he was suddenly (brusquely) removed, without any opportunity being given to him to answer them.

The depositions of several witnesses living in France were then put in. They were the evidence of persons who spoke to a knowledge of the fact that money had been paid by the Abbé to creditors and servants of Madame Wise.

Mr. Keating addressed the jury for the defence, giving a very different complexion to the case.

Cardinal Wiseman was called. He spoke to his acquaintance with the Right Hon. Thomas Wise. Knew nothing of the Abbé Roux before 1847, when he introduced himself to him as a French priest on a business of charity, his object being, if possible, to effect a reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Wise. "He asked me," said the Cardinal, "to procure an interview with Mr. Wise. He showed me an acknowledgment of Madame Wise for 25,000 francs. He never asked me to be the intermediary between him and Mr. Wise to obtain the 25,000 francs; I would never have undertaken such an office. I simply received having seen the document, a d having had it in my hand. I never applied to Mr. Wise to propose to him to pay the money, but spoke to him on the subject of the reconciliation on with his wife. If I ever promised to send back the document it could only have been in a conditional form, i.e. if it was left with me, and it could be found, I would send it. Made search for the document, but it was not amongst my papers. I did promise to write a letter to the Emperor of France on the subject, but afterwards declined, for reasons which I will give if necessary. When I appointed the Abbé to an assistant curacy at Chelsea, I knew nothing of the details. The income of the superior curacy is not as much as £100 a year. I am now satisfied that the document was not left with me at all. If it went through my hands at all, it was a mere handing over by me to Mr. Wise."

Mr. William Elser, solicitor to the Right Hon. Thomas Wise, proved that he had seen the document at Mr. Wise's in December, 1847, and had never seen it since. Mr. Wise refused to recognise this debt by witness's advice, and witness communicated the fact to the Abbé.

The evidence of the Princess Letitia Bonaparte (Madame Wise), taken on interrogatories in Italy, was next read to the Court. She stated that the plaintiff had offered his friendly offices in her affairs, and had paid numerous sums of money on her behalf, but she declared that he had been repaid by sales of jewels and jewellery and from other sources, and that he had received a quarter of a year's allowance from her husband (Mr. Wise), which left him actually in her debt to the amount of 25,000 francs. She admitted signing the acknowledgment of debt to him of 25,000 francs, but this she did on the representation by the plaintiff that the Archbishop of Paris had requested him to discontinue his visits to her, and that he wished to have this document to show that it was visits of business. He promised, after she signed the papers to the Archbishop of Paris (who, it will be remembered, was assassinated only a few weeks ago), to return them to her. Accordingly, on the day after he had received the paper of acknowledgment as to the 25,000 francs, he again came to her, told her he had shown it to the Archbishop, and, as there was no further use for it, he thereupon what appeared to be the very document into the fire.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, with £500 damages. Mr. Keating said, that as it was proved that the document was lost in the hands of Mr. Wise in December, 1847, he hoped his Lordship would sit in execution, in order that the defendant might communicate with Mr. Wise to see if the paper could be procured.

Mr. Justice Croft thought the application an unusual one, but ultimately stayed execution till after the fourth day of Easter Term (i.e., for a fortnight).

**TUESDAY WAS THE BIRTHDAY OF PRINCE LEOPOLD.** The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by the Princesses of Hohenlohe Langenburg and the Princess Feodora, paid a visit of congratulation to her Majesty at Buckingham Palace.



## THE MURRAIN.

A MURRAIN is spreading rapidly among the stock-breeding regions of the Continent, and has actually reached the regions whence our importations take place. The disease has ravaged Silesia, Mecklenburg, and part of Holstein for two or three years, and has latterly assumed a type so deadly as to rouse the apprehension of the principal Governments of the Continent. The Governments of France, Prussia, and some of the smaller German States, have already made regulations for the exclusion of the tainted cattle, or any part of their carcasses. In France scientific inquiry into the disease has been going on for some time, and the results, as published, are most alarming—the mortality being estimated at ninety per cent. of those attacked; and scarcely any cattle escaping attack where the disease has once appeared. Our insular position gives us great chance of immunity, but does not free us from the necessity of taking some precautions.

Some say that certainly nothing can be more dreadful than a murrain in the old times, in our islands: but then the conditions of living were so different from ours! The very worst we have an account of was before the development of agriculture, when the people depended almost entirely on cattle and game for, not only food, but clothes, shelter, and utensils. Some would not eat fish; and some would not eat fowl; but all depended on flesh; and when their cattle were all dead, they betook themselves (so it is said, truly or falsely) to that species of flesh which has had recourse to only in despair. No plague that ever visited the human inhabitants of Great Britain was so destructive of human life as some murrains have been. Awful as were the "sweating sickness" and the "black death," the mortality ended when the disease passed away, or soon after; whereas, a visitation of murrain is equivalent to a sentence of death for a long course of years. Our modern travellers in Egypt know that no beef or veal was to be had ten years after the murrain of 1837, and that the cattle seen in the country seemed as remote as could well be from any due proportion to the inhabitants. To kill a calf or ox was then an offence punishable by severe infliction. If the murrain carries off our cattle as it slays those of every country where it has spread, we shall have to endure such a food crisis as has never been seen in England within this century, and of which one would think we had been sufficiently warned by the state of Ireland in 1847.

If we will not take alarm from any example but that of the same disease, let us look back no further than through the last century, during which (and several preceding centuries) the pest seems not to be varied at all in its characteristics. Look at Professor Sauvage's account of the pest of 1730 and 1731 in France; and at Dr. Layard's history of the epidemic of 1757 in England; and then see what we have to expect if we do not take timely and sufficient precautions. Our grandfathers have told us what it was to celebrate the thanksgiving day in 1759 when the disease was really gone; but where were our herds—from the Isle of Skye to Devonshire? In Skye alone, the loss was computed, before the malady had ceased, at upwards of £10,000 of the money of that day. Five years later, the peasants of Saxony were confounded by the inroads of the pest, which even carried off the herdsmen who were not careful in burying the carcasses. They burnt and powdered the livers of the dead beasts, and gave them to the sick; they fumigated them with sulphur; they hung onions round their necks to absorb the poison and stuffed them with crab apples; they slew every ailing beast, put it four feet underground, and reserved a reward; they did what they could, and what they were advised; but they were ruined, and a multitude of them actually starved. In France, worse still, fourteen men were burned alive for poisoning the cattle, as physicians are accused in plague times of poisoning the wells.

In Holland, in five months only of the year 1769, upwards of 21,000 of the kind died, while only 5,300 recovered. In West Friesland, during the same period, nearly 12,000 died to 5,000 which recovered. The States-General used their efforts to obtain cattle from abroad to make up the loss; but then, as now, the disease was everywhere. A hide was thrown up on the shore somewhere, a cow snuffed at it, and lay down upon it, and next morning was dead. Another cow which had touched her wandered off and spread the contagion; till, in two or three weeks, the stench was everywhere, and 5,000 cattle were dead in five villages. When neither pitch or tar, nor salt or sugar, nor gorse or acacia leaves, nor sulphur or soot, nor shutting the cattle up with horses, nor driving them into the river, availed, inoculation was tried—whether successfully or not, there is no saying now. Some testified that the healthy horse-atmosphere saved the sickening kine; and others, that the cattle infected the horses. Some declared that inoculation was an entire security, while others asserted that it spread the mischief. The one mournful certainty which none disputed was, that death and fever followed, to cut off more human lives, from first to last, than any year of plague.

Such is the pest which is looked for on our shores. What King George the Farmer saw of it in 1757 made him issue a proclamation as soon as he heard, in February, 1763, that above 80,000 head of cattle had died in Denmark and the adjacent countries in the course of two or three weeks. By an Order in Council all importation of hides, hoofs, and horns was forbidden till the mischief was well over. In France, an outbreak of the pest seems to have been stopped in the Lyonnais, in 1768, by the skill and care of the students of the veterinary college, who cured a large proportion of the sick cattle, and effectually isolated the rest. In every country, and our own eminently, considerable rewards in money were given to induce the isolation and proper burial of plague-stricken cattle—£800 being given at one sitting in Banff alone, towards the close of the infection of 1768, which so raged in Holland as to destroy more than 171,000 beasts, while under 66,000 recovered.

These measures were successful as remedies; it behoves us now to use them as preventatives. The Government has already taken the initiative. An order in Council was published on Saturday, prohibiting the importation of cattle, or of horns, hoofs, hides, or skins, from those territories of Russia, Prussia, or Mecklenburg-Schwerin, which lie on the Gulf of Finland, or between the Gulf and the city of Lubeck. It cannot be said that this prohibition is too stringent, or comes too early. Certainly an order which limits the supply of human food is a strong measure; but the case admitted neither of compromise nor delay. But there is probably more to be done than merely to search Baltic traders for cattle or hides. It is probable that this malady is propagated chiefly where the state of the animals is generally unhealthy, or where, through want of proper care, or through insufficient food or shelter, their physical condition is weak. We may further assume that a disease of this sort is epidemic, and likely to break out in more than one place, without any intercommunication. Both these considerations point to the necessity of increased care in the treatment of cattle at home. It is not impossible that the disease arises from natural causes, and cannot be averted solely by quarantine regulations. No doubt, infection from abroad would cause it to assume a still more deadly form, but yet the seed may be already sown among us, and favourable circumstances may cause it to take the dimensions of a great national calamity. Our agriculturists and breeders should therefore take their precautions in time. While Government is watching the outposts, they should do all that science can suggest to stop the progress of the disease, or remove the causes which may lead to its appearance. If the crowding of cattle-sheds and the want of ventilation and cleanliness have a tendency to encourage the epidemic, as certainly seems likely enough, no time should be lost in remedying defects which may be productive of such incalculable evil.

**ARCHDEACON DENISON'S CASE.**—Sir John Dodson, Dean of the Court of Arches, has appointed Monday, April 20, and following days, for hearing the appeal in Archdeacon Denison's case from the Court held last year by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Bath. In the event of an adverse decision by the Dean of Arches, it is the intention of the Archdeacon to prosecute a further appeal before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

**THE THEATRICAL FUND.**—The annual dinner in aid of the fund of the Royal General Theatrical Fund was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on Monday evening. Mr. Phelps was in the chair, and Sir C. Ibbetson, Dr. Kane, Mr. Dickens, and other gentlemen of repute, were present. Mr. Dickens, in replying to a toast in which the probability of his becoming an M.P. was hinted at, stated that he had no electioneering designs on any constituency whatever. His way of life, his means of usefulness in life, such as they were, had been long ago chosen.

**MR. RUSKIN,** though willing to accept the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford, if offered to him, yet declines to take any active steps to secure his election. This seems rather an inappropriate piece of delicacy. Mr. Ruskin must know that elective offices are seldom or never bestowed unsought—never certainly in Oxford

## WITCHCRAFT IN 1857.

THE following are some of the particulars of an application made to a magistrate no longer ago than November last, by one "J. B.," a respectable man, farming about forty acres of land in Heckham, one of the rural parishes of England:—

J. B.—Your worship, I come to ask your advice concerning of my wife.  
Mr. —What's the matter?  
J. B.—Why, your worship, she's harassed about night and day—continual worrying—and like a sow with all her young pigs—pulling her to pieces. We've been to all the doctors about. We've spent every shilling to get remedy. All my family knows it, poor dears. We're wholly done up.

Mr. —I don't see how I can help you.  
J. B.—Well, sir, it's thought by many people in the parish that my wife's bewitched; that it's put upon her by evil-disposed persons, through envy. There's a family named L., who got turned out when we was put in, and we think it's through them that they set old Mrs. C. to do it. She's an old woman, your worship, who live near the Lion, and she have the character of being a witch, and I thought I'd step down and ask your worship whether you would give me a grant to have her proved.

Mr. —How is she to be proved?  
J. B.—Why, sir, I thought you could have her swum. I've heard say that, if they be witches, and if you take a line (not to do them any harm, but just to swim 'em), then, if they be witches, they won't sink. I've heard say that there was a gentleman at — who had one swum in the river. I don't know exactly how it finished, but I heard she didn't live long after it. He had it done right public. Her name was Pointer. They tied her clothes about her legs and used her decent. She had a line put round her waist, and one on each side, to keep her from sinking if she was an upright woman; but if she's a witch they can't sink her no how. Old Mr. L., who done it, jumped on her, but couldn't sink her no how; when her head was down her heels was up, and when her heels was down her head was up. Almost everyone who sees my wife says they never seed such a complaint, and call out that she is certainly bewitched. She fare (appears) hunted night and day. She fare dried up like a crisp. She say "Will, I can't lie still—I might as well try to sink a badder in water." I do hope your worship will want the police to take old Mrs. C. all of a sudden—by surprise like—and take her to a pit, and swim her (not to hurt her). If she's an upright woman she'll sink, and if she don't sink it'll prove her guilty.

(After an argument, in which the magistrate in vain endeavoured to combat the absurdity of the foregoing statement.)

J. B. (returning to the charge)—Well, your worship, at least I hope you'll take her to a room, and have her stripped and see if she have anything bad about her. Some say that they have imps about them, but I don't know.

Mr. —What is an imp?  
J. B.—I don't know, sir, unless it be some bad spirit or other from the power of old Satan, but I never seed one.

Mr. —But now tell me why you fix upon this poor old woman, Mrs. C., in particular?

J. B.—I'll tell your worship how we come at it. My wife was advised to send for the woman —, of —, who is wonderful clever in these things. She came and told us to take some water and put it in a bottle with some of the hairs out of the noddle of my wife's neck, and the parings of her finger-nails and toe nails, and some old horseshoe nails. (These, you see, sir, are little schemes which go from one generation to another; there's always something to be learned out of the weakest and ignorantest.) Well, sir, we put the bottle on the fire, and we waits while it's boiling and burning, and what not; and when it bursts, we looks out of the window, and the evil-disposed person stands before us. Last Friday night was a month that my wife did this; and after she done it, she got out of bed, as she do sometimes, to take a drop of drink or a little magnesia; and she looked out of the window, and there she saw the woman C. standing before the window, at a most unseemly hour, in the moonlight, in an agony sort of state.

A Mrs. F., a woman residing in the adjoining parish, also bore the following testimony to the power of the "Evil One":—"The Lord he only knows all about these things; but I know this, sir, that when I was a girl, there was a witch lived next door to us, and afraid enough we was of her."

Mr. —What did she do?

Mrs. F.—Her name was Betsy Norris. She bewitched my father's cows, and pigs, and geese, and other people's too, when they offended her. All the farmers were afraid of her, and gave her anything she asked for; if not, she could make all their things run wild over the yard, and could fill them with lice, which went and came according as she was pleased or not. The first of my father finding her out was one day when she cut up his onions. He went after her, and said he would "spurn her." He gave her a kick, but he never felt nothing for his toe; his foot sunk in as if she was a wall made of nothing human; and yet, when he kicked her, that there old woman flew yards and yards. And then, when he went home, my father found his pigs bewitched. They was barking and jumping all over the sty. My father cut a piece off their ears and tails, and raked them up in the fire, and told my mother to go up stairs, and to be sure not to speak to the witch if she should come. The witch came hallooing to the door, asking my mother for some rags. She had her fingers cut all across, and bleeding dreadfully.

Mr. —Who had cut her fingers?

Mrs. F.—Why, sir, the enemy cursed her to do that herself when my father stirred the pigs' tails and ears in the fire, and told my mother to go upstairs. Then that wrought upon her, and she cut her fingers in that there dreadful way. My mother was a mur hearted woman, and as the witch stood screaming and begging for rags my mother looked out of the window and gave her some rags, and spoke to her. By so doing my mother gave the power out of her own hands, and the witch got the power again; whereas, if my mother had not spoken to her she would have gone home and died. Ah! sir, as I said before, there's the mistake—to speak to them.

J. B.'s application was of course refused. The magistrate said he would make some inquiry into the case, but J. B. went away protesting against anything short of full proof by "swimming" Mrs. C.

**CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.**—The wife of the Rev. T. J. Wyde, of North Wrexham, was burnt to death last week. She had arisen in the night, and her night-clothes seem to have caught fire at a taper that was burning in the chamber. She was found sitting on a chair, in flames, and quite dead. Her hand clutched a bell-handle, as though she had endeavoured to ring it.—A labourer named Finsingh, was employed in unloading malt from a vessel at Yarmouth. His thumb got caught in the rope with which the malt sacks were drawn from the hold, and was very severely damaged. At the hospital the thumb was dressed; he was advised to have it taken off, but this he refused to allow. However, he subsequently underwent the operation, but too late; mortification had set in, and he rapidly sank and died.—A young girl, a nursemaid in Newport, Stafford, was passing a field in which a tree was about to fall. She had a little boy, thirteen months old, in her arms. A wagon was also passing at the same time. The tree fell; the noise startled the horses, and in a few seconds the nurse and her little charge were under the animals' feet. When extricated, it was found that the child was killed; the girl herself escaped.—Some tumblers were exhibiting their skill at Plumstead, when a pole with which they were performing fell upon the head of a little boy named Jewell, six years of age; he died a few hours after. On the inquest the jury returned a verdict of "Death by the incautiousness of the two men Parish and Evans," the tumblers.—A young girl, in the service of Sir Joshua Walsley, was dancing at a servants' ball held at the Bayswater Tavern, Bayswater. In the course of the second dance, she complained of indisposition, sat down, and almost immediately after expired.—Tyrel, one of the night attendants at the Admiralty Office, Somerset House, was found dead in the hall a few mornings since; the cause of death was apoplexy.—Thomas Scholefield, a man employed at a mill in Bradford, was passing a belt over a drum, when he was caught up, whirled round the shaft, and instantly killed.—The Rev. John Black, Rector of Walsoken, Norfolk, has met his death in the streets of London. Crossing Gray's Inn Lane, in company with his daughter, his foot slipped and he fell against an omnibus, fracturing his jaw. He was carried to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and died within forty-eight hours.

**EXPERIMENTS AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL.**—On Saturday afternoon, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Panmure, the Persian Ambassador, Ferukh Khan, and a large number of officers, arrived at Woolwich for the purpose of witnessing a series of experiments. The experiments commenced with a trial of the efficiency of shells filled with molten iron, for the purpose of firing any ignitable material. The shells were fired against an immense erection of timber-work, resembling the bulkhead of a vessel. The second shell pierced completely through the bulkhead, the fluid fire caught the timber-work, and volumes of flame issued from the opposite side, proving inconceivably that by this means a whole fleet might easily be destroyed. The next experiments were for the purpose of testing the durability of iron plates of the same description as those with which the huge floating batteries constructed during the late war were encased. An immense butt or target had been faced with iron plates four inches thick, and in the first instance a discharge of 68-pounders was fired at this object from a range of 400 yards. The effect was visible, and several of the plates were damaged. The second round of the same description of shot was fired at a range of 800 yards, and the result was conclusive, as the iron plates were splintered and crushed, and it was evident that repeated attacks would entirely destroy them. The experiments concluded by a trial of Captain Boxer's newly-invented signal parachutes. This description of firework is intended as a means of illumination when necessary during a period of warfare. It gradually ascends, and at a certain altitude the encasement expands into the form of a parachute, from which issue forth jets of the most brilliant light.

**LOVE AND SUICIDE.**—Julia Blake, a fine young woman of twenty-three, had been living at Stepney with a young man to whom she was greatly attached. On Wednesday week, however, she quarrelled with him at the bar of a public-house for having formed some new attachment. She then left the house, proceeded home, and passed to her bed-room. Nothing more was seen or heard of her that night, but on the following morning she was found hanging by a silk handkerchief, which had been fastened above the room door.

## VISCOUNT PALMERSTON

PERHAPS no one in modern times has had so many friends or so many enemies as Lord Palmerston. Through a long life wholly devoted to politics, it has been his fortune to gain the ardent attachment of his friends—as well as the most determined opposition of his enemies. The admiration exhibited by the followers of the Noble Lord has often amounted to blind idolatry, while the hatred of his opponents has shown all the bitterness and invective that party feeling or political malice could suggest. This was the case years ago, and it is equally so now. Early in life Lord Palmerston proved himself to be one of those lucky individuals who attain greatness or have it thrust upon them. He took an elevated position, and from the first year of his public career stood forward as a man of mark and likelihood.

The history of the present Premier, his views, and his acts in reference to our foreign policy, have been so frequently dwelt upon that we need now but briefly refer to them. He derives his title from Palmerston, county of Dublin; and we have heard, by-the-bye, a story which makes his birth as romantic as his career has been remarkable. One day last century, so runs the story, an Irish peer, named Temple, while riding along the streets of Dublin, was thrown from his horse, and severely bruised. Carried into the nearest house, which happened to be that of a milliner named Mee, he was nursed by that lady with such tender care, that, in gratitude, he offered to make her his wife. The democratic damsel, whom we will suppose to have been charming, accepted this stupid specimen of mock aristocracy as her husband, and in good time became the mother of the present Prime Minister of England. This story may be but an invention of Lord Palmerston's enemies, but if so it must have been invented by the Whigs; for we recollect of its being current when he was the humble subordinate of Castlereagh, the servile pupil of Canning, and when he was exerting his powers of ridicule against the great liberal chiefs in a publication too well known as the "New Whig Guide." At the early age of twenty-one, the young Viscount offered himself to the constituents of the University of Cambridge in opposition to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, now Marquis of Lansdowne. Failing there, he put up for the borough of Bletchingley, and succeeded. He afterwards sat for Newport in the Isle of Wight, but at length attained the object of his ambition in being elected by the University of Cambridge.

Assiduous attention to the rules and business of the House, together with an unostentatious show of tact and parliamentary skill, soon brought him prominently before the politicians of the time. In the Tory administration of the Duke of Portland he became a junior Lord of the Admiralty, and when Castlereagh retired from the office of Secretary-at-War, in 1809, Lord Palmerston was appointed to the vacant post, and did the important work of submitting the army estimates in the month of February in the following year. So well did he adapt himself to the business of the war department, that he became a necessary adjunct to that and every subsequent Administration for the next twenty years! The secret of his retaining office so long was undoubtedly his attention to the practical business of the department rather than to general politics. Nevertheless, he found opportunities to study the opinions of Canning, and to profit by them. He became a supporter of Roman Catholic emancipation, and a friend to the cause of constitutional, as distinct from despotic, government on the Continent. He made himself "well up" in foreign affairs, and frequently spoke with much ability on the subject of our relations abroad. Lord Palmerston's long enjoyment of office in the war department was brought to a close by the advent of the Wellington Ministry. During the time this lasted, the Noble Viscount was out of office; but immediately it broke up, he was again called into official activity. In spite of his long tenure of office as a Tory, Lord Palmerston joined the Whigs in November, 1830, as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. In fulfilling the duties of this important post, he displayed the same aptitude and untiring industry which had characterised him in the war department. The Noble Lord gave his sanction to the Reform Bill, and in consequence lost his seat for the Cambridge University. In 1831, he was re-elected for Bletchingley, and afterwards for the county of South Hants. Lord Palmerston retained the seals of the Foreign Office until the resignation of the Whigs in 1834. During the brief Administration of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston was out of office; but on the Whigs resuming power under Lord Melbourne, he again undertook the direction of foreign affairs, having been in the meantime elected to the seat he still occupies—viz., for the borough of Tiverton. The Noble Lord continued to exercise the functions of the foreign department until 1841, working with such marked determination that he gained a great reputation for the firebrandism of his administration. By this time, the name of Palmerston was known—it, indeed, not feared—all over the Continent. His activity, and ever ready determination to make his country respected in all parts of the world, however, gave rise to many little outbreaks and exhibitions of feeling. The opponents of his Lordship stigmatised his policy as meddling and dangerous, and asserted that his management of foreign affairs kept this country continually on the verge of war. On the other hand, his friends were enthusiastic in their admiration and vehement in his praise.

In 1841, Sir Robert Peel was elevated to power, and Lord Palmerston went over to the Opposition benches, where he sat discontentedly till July 1846, when Sir Robert resigned office. Lord John Russell took the leadership of a newly-constructed Whig cabinet, and re-installed Lord Palmerston in the Foreign Office. During this time (1846 to 1851), many questions of the gravest importance came under the direction of the Foreign Secretary. The French Republic was established, and the whole continent of Europe was convulsed with revolution; there was also the Swiss question, the Spanish dispute, the renewed Greek discussion, and many other delicate matters requiring adjustment. There were the Italian and Hungarian wars to be dealt with; and finally, Louis Kossuth and the fugitives of his brave country had to be protected. Lord Palmerston steered himself safely through these difficulties, but the hostility he met with was something extraordinary. Tories and extreme Radicals combined together to crush him. A motion impeaching his policy was proposed and carried in the House of Peers. This was somewhat startling, and public opinion at once divided itself between the side of the impeached Minister and his accusers. Mr. Roebuck demanded the opinion of the Commons, who refused to endorse the verdict of the Lords. It was in this debate that the late Sir Robert Peel, in a single sentence, gave that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. "We are all proud of him," exclaimed the great statesman, while expressing his dislike to Lord Palmerston's policy, and the sentiment was cheered and cheered, and forthwith echoed throughout the country. Meetings were convened in every quarter, and expressions of sympathy and confidence flowed in abundantly. His portrait was painted by public subscription, and presented to Lady Palmerston; moreover, a grand banquet was given at the Reform Club as an exponent of the general feeling of the liberal portion of the community. In 1851, there arose new disagreements, on account of Lord Palmerston's approval of the *coup d'Etat* of Napoleon, which led to his dismissal by his colleagues; and here ended his administration so far as foreign affairs were concerned. Lord John Russell's Government soon after succumbed to the opposition of Lord Palmerston himself. The administration of the Derby party having been suddenly terminated, while Lord Palmerston had the gout, the Noble Viscount joined the coalition of "all the talents," under his ancient foe Lord Aberdeen. This time he served in the Home Department. However, the Ministry "drifted" into war with Russia, and afterwards sunk from sheer incompetence to carry it out.

By the voice of the country Lord Palmerston was voted the man for the emergency. He took office as Prime Minister, and by a vigorous and energetic course of action brought the war to a conclusion. The many years service of the Noble Lord as Secretary-at-War, during the struggle of the First Napoleon, rendered him especially fitted to command at so critical a moment. That he did so with perseverance even the greatest of his enemies do not deny.

We now come to another phase in Lord Palmerston's career. From the energetic Minister in the time of war, he has drifted into the position of "a Tory Chief of a Radical Cabinet." Owing to the absence of lead-



ing principles, or anything in the shape of a clear and definite policy, Lord Palmerston is now in the situation of a traveller without a direct road before him. He has always stood at the head of two paths—one on the extreme right, the other on the extreme left. The first of these highways sends forth a motley crew of thick-and-thin supporters, and the other a mass of clamorous opponents. It remains to be seen whether he can support himself in so curious a position. The Noble Lord is wonderfully

skilful in adapting himself to the circumstances of the time. Throughout he has been a brilliant worker rather than an originator—a follower of events rather than a leader—so that he might adopt almost any line of policy without exciting surprise. As to his future intentions, the Premier simply tells us that he aims at peace abroad and progressive improvement at home. "But the peace must be peace with honour—peace with safety—and peace with security to our fellow-countrymen abroad." In the matter of

domestic policy, Lord Palmerston refuses to pledge himself. "There are many of you, and many men elsewhere," he said at Tiverton the other day, "who expect from the Government distinct pledges on the question of reform; but those who know what is the position of men in office, and more especially what is the position of a man at the head of the Government, must see and feel that I should be acting an unbecoming part if I were to act like a young candidate appearing for the first time on the hustings,



VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL.)

and endeavouring by clap-trap pledges to enlist stray votes, and going headlong into anything which one or two people told him would increase the majority which he must endeavour to attain."

As regards his Lordship *lui même*, he is certainly an extraordinary man. He is over seventy-three years of age, and has been working upwards of half a century in the service of the country. He is still in the vigour of his intellect. So well has he carried his age, that he has been called

"Cupid," "the young man of seventy," and so forth. Until within the last year or two, he has always looked fifteen years less than the reality. He still shows the old jaunty air; but his hitherto erect frame exhibits a tendency to bend; his hairs have become fewer, grayer, and more straggling in their characteristic disorder. He speaks slowly, but with ease and fluency. He is often humorous, and ready in repartee when occasion requires it. At the same time, he is so guarded and reserved that no

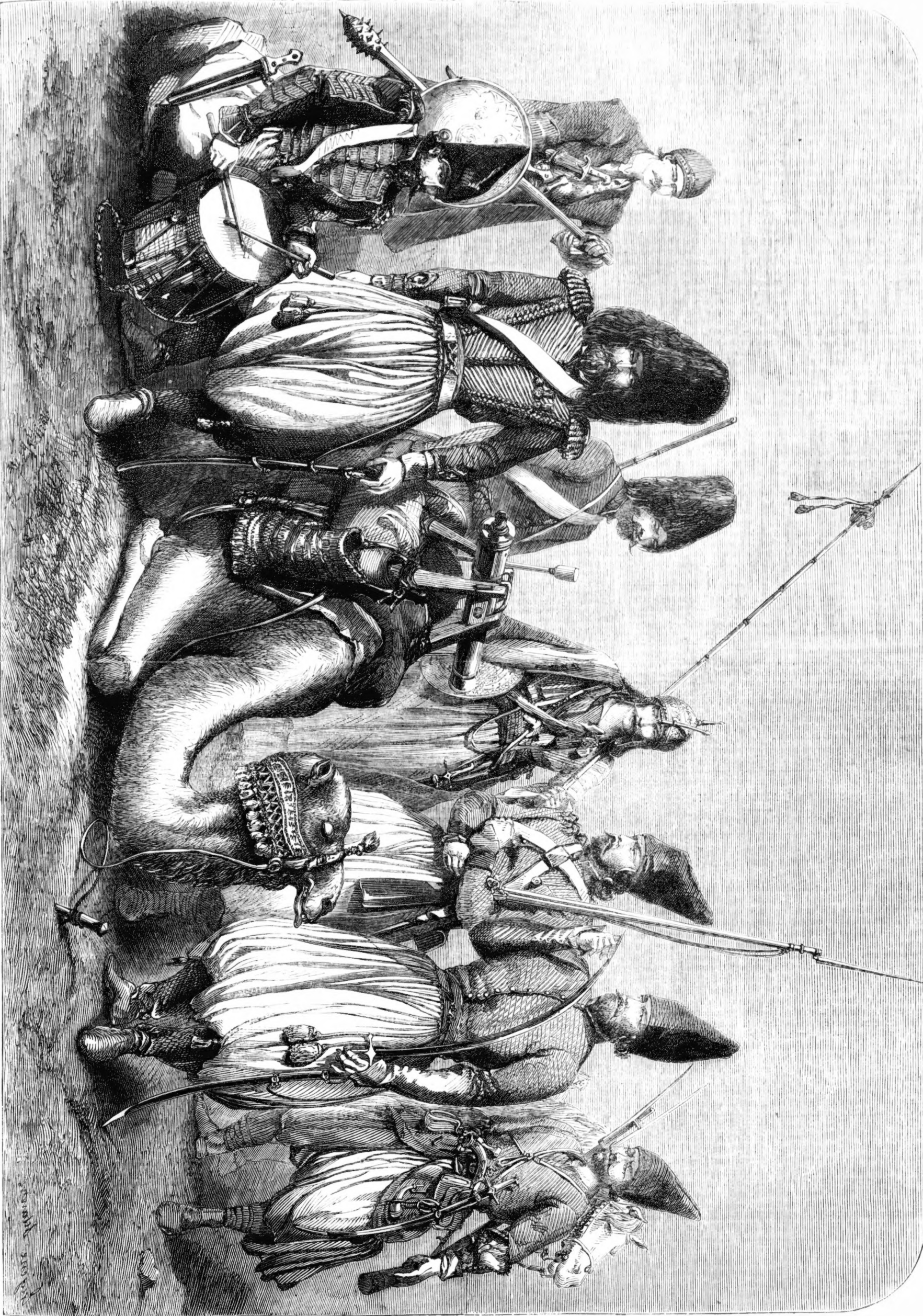
skill can elicit more than he intends to say. In Shakspeare's words, he is—

"Check'd for silence,  
But never taxed for speech."

Our portrait of the Noble Viscount is engraved from a valuable picture in Mr. Mayall's gallery of photographs of eminent statesmen. It is the best likeness of his Lordship we have seen.



DRUMMER OF THE GUARD.    MILITIAMAN OF NAZIM.    COMMANDER OF ARTILLERY.    ARTILLERMAN.    THE PERSIAN ARMY.—(DRAWN BY EUGENE BLANDIN.)    KURD.    FUSILIER OF THE GUARD.    CAPTAIN OF INFANTRY.    JIRGHATAH CAVALRY.





## THE PERSIAN ARMY.

THE recent news of a battle fought between the troops of England and those of the Shah, has in some degree revived public interest in the affairs of Persia, and rendered people curious about the army whom our soldiers have encountered with their wonted valour and success.

The Persian army, it appears, consists of two distinct forces: the "regular" troops, disciplined after the system of European armies; and the "irregular" troops, who are only called out in case of emergency. It is to the military genius of France that Persia owes the idea of having a "regular" army. The first Napoleon, when he resolved upon taking Persia under his auspices, despatched several officers of intelligence thither with the mission of 1808. These commenced operations with considerable success, and, when English influence became supreme, the Persian Government requested that the work might be continued. Accordingly, the duty of organising a force was entrusted to Major Christie and Lieutenant Lindsay, of the Indian army, who accompanied Sir John Malcolm to the Court of Teheran; and these officers performed their functions with great ability.

The regular army of Persia is composed of infantry and artillery. The former consists of a body-guard, mostly in garrison at Teheran, or wherever the Shah happens to be; and of the provincial battalions, who are generally quartered in the principal towns and cities. The infantry are all armed in the same way, but there is a variation in the costume. The body-guard wear white trousers, large and gathered, a red vest, with blue sleeves and collars; while the vests of the provincial troops are of various colours.

Of the Persian army, the artillery is said to be the best disciplined portion. This force is provided with very fine field-pieces and with ammunition-wagons generally well horsed. But, Persia being a mountainous country, the necessity of having a special corps of artillery capable of moving about easily, and going anywhere, ere long became clear; and this corps, which is not numerous, is provided with small pieces of cannon, of three or four inches calibre, placed upon a sort of pivot, and borne by camels. These animals being able to pass through all the bad, mountainous roads, the artillery is enabled to reach any place where its services may be required. It is a corps analogous to that which has been created in the French army for requirements of a similar nature in Algeria, where the artillery is borne on the backs of mules, and where they employ also small howitzers, called mountain howitzers.

As for the irregular portion of the Persian army, it is only seen on extraordinary occasions, or when a war renders it necessary to call out all the military forces of the country. Among these irregular troops, which sometimes comprise a considerable though undisciplined number of combatants, there are the *Tuffekdjis*, or foot fusiliers, and the cavalry. In a country like Persia, where every man is accustomed from infancy to the use of arms and to ride on horseback, it is easy to conceive that these volunteers may become a real force at any given moment. They are moreover brave, clever in the use of their arms; and, although they may be without discipline or military instruction, as it is understood in Europe, their division into families or tribes furnishes them, nevertheless, with a spirit of cohesion, which compensates, up to a certain point, for what a European commander might regret to find wanting in them.

The Persian force which, on the field of Khoosh-ab, was exposed to the shock of a British attack, is estimated to have amounted to between 6,000 and 7,000 men, with a fair proportion of guns. Their infantry was almost entirely composed of regulars, and included one regiment of the Persian Guards, 900 strong. Of cavalry they had perhaps 800; so that their force was respectable, both in numbers and composition, and a stout resistance might have been looked for from it. Yet it was routed speedily and utterly.

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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1857.

## ELECTION MORALITY.

Now that the elections are over, it may not be amiss to consider whether we are improving in our management of these important matters—the conduct of elections forming a good practical test of the working of a free constitution.

All the picturesqueness of elections is nearly gone by. The awful stridency of the Bribery and Treating Acts, though it has not done away with bribery and treating, has effectually removed the ornamental part of electioneering. Flags and banners—music and open revelry—are things of the past. An election does not now present much to the artist; though perhaps it makes up for this by sparing the policeman. Only one candidate has been roughly handled this time—Mr. Robert Lowe. Once, when you contested a borough, you ran the risk of being mauled, as a matter of course. Prizefighters were regularly bled. Was not this view of the affair intended to be symbolised by the custom (which still prevails) of the rival candidates shaking hands before beginning their nomination speeches? Our ancestors seem to have cherished the idea that an election was a contest in real earnest—now, we make it rather a matter of form. Our mobs this time have behaved wonderfully well, though, of course, the absence of violence is partly to be attributed to the fact that no heart-stirring question has been at stake. In many contests, the fight has not been on any point which could stir the passions of non-electors; it has been a mere matter of personal and family conflict—the non-electors not being very eager on the question of the merits of either of the persons or families.

It is observable, that in elections our British morality is lower than at other times—as the severity of a certain French duchess relaxed (according to her own admission) in the month of May. "All is fair in elections" is a maxim too generally credited yet. It is not only that we affect a vast deal of earnestness and virtue, for which our intimates give us but slight credit. We also, many of us, deliberately take up certain bits of humbug, and avail ourselves of them for the nonce, according to the characters of the places we stand for. Thus young Pooter, who, standing for an English borough, would be in favour of advanced religious liberty, no sooner stands for a Scottish one than he becomes very strongly opposed to the Maynooth Grant, and indignant at the continued endowment of "that Popish college." The fact is, that the Free Kirk insists on it, and if he do not obey he loses all the Free Kirk votes. The same youth, if rejected for Dalwhangan on this ground, would probably be much severer next year. True, the Free Kirk people do not expect to see the grant abolished; rue, many of them know the danger that would attend such an act;

but it is their *métier* to protest against Rome if only as a matter of formal business—not to say spiritual pride; and when Pooter returns to London, public men treat him tenderly if he has humoured the zealots. They "know the world;" and that, if you are "standing" in Scotland, you must do as the Scotch do. Our morality would be better, if we stood on our intellectual honesty more in these matters.

We fear that in other points our election morality has not reformed itself in proportion to other election reforms. What is familiarly called "the screw" is still put on tenants in certain counties in these islands. The votes too often go with the land, and we say that a man has so many votes, as we say that a man has so many sheep. Fitzurse of Springingham "gave him thirty," says the admiring Pooter, talking over "the country" with his friend. The thirty are not pounds or horses, as the stranger might fancy; but decent, honest, well-informed men, all voting at the suggestion of Fitzurse. To be sure, many gentlemen are too proud to dictate on such questions; but still the land is esteemed by many people to convey the consciences of the farmers along with it to the new purchaser, just as it conveys the turnips and corn. We strongly recommend such individuals as really mean to try and stop the ballot, to see whether a good way of going to work would not be to discountenance these practices. If they do not do so, the ballot they will have.

Squibs still figure in our elections, but, generally, that kind of thing is on the wane; and our squibs, like bad fireworks of all kinds, sparkle less than they stick. Meanwhile, why should lying—we put it to an intelligent public—be more tolerated at election times than at other periods? Why should the agent of your enemy, because you happen to be waiting to get into Parliament, suddenly discover that you are given to drinking, and beat your wife, whereas at all other periods of your life you pass for being sober and domestic? Such peculiarities of election morality are comic, and are still too common by far.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

IT IS HER MAJESTY'S PRESENT INTENTION, we hear, to distribute the Victoria Cross in person to those appointed to receive the decoration, of which due notice will be given by the authorities at the War Department and Admiralty. The announcement will necessarily be delayed for a short period.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL (according to the "Court Journal") is now put off till January. The reason assigned for the postponement is that the palace now being prepared for her in Berlin, will not be fit for occupation before the end of the year. Perhaps the risk of submitting the Princess's dotation to a new and unbroken House of Commons may also have something to do with it.

THE CELEBRATED SINGER, STAUDIGT, who has been for a long time confined in a madhouse, is now in a worse state than ever: his mental excitement had, a few days ago, reached such a pitch that he was obliged to be confined in a straight waistcoat. All hopes of his recovery are now given up.

MR. WALTER (of the "Times") is, according to a report which we can scarcely believe well-founded, to be created a peer or a baronet.

THE TABLE-TURNER AND MAGNETISER TO THE IMPERIAL COURT OF FRANCE (Hume is the gentleman's name), has predicted to M. Alexandre Dumas that he will live to the age of 113 years, and be killed in a duel. Mr. Hume has since been expelled by the Emperor, in consequence, it is said, of his influence on the Emperor's mind.

GUANO in considerable quantities is reported to have been discovered on the keys on the south side of Havannah; its value is estimated at thirty dols. a ton.

MR. T. S. BAYNES, the well-known pupil of Sir William Hamilton, and Mr. Alexander Bain, author of "The Senses and the Intellect," have been appointed Examiners in Logic and Moral and Intellectual Philosophy at the London University, in the place of the Rev. H. Alford (recently appointed Dean of Canterbury) and Mr. Burcham.

MR. CAIRD OF EROLD'S SERMON, preached before the Queen, has been translated into German, with a preface by Chevalier Bunsen, and 10,000 copies of it have been sold.

A SMALL VESSEL was recently boarded on the Sea of Marmora by pirates and ransacked. An armed vessel was despatched in pursuit from Constantinople, and, after a smart engagement, resulting in some loss of life, the pirate was captured.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL NEAR CANTERBURY, and the church of St. Paul, Deptford, hath both been plundered of valuable plate.

A CAPACIOUS REFORMATORY FOR JUVENILES, the result of a handsome bequest of the late Dr. Watt, has just been opened at Aberdeen. There are eighty acres of land attached to it.

THIRTY-FIVE RETIREMENTS by the sale of Commissions, and ten resignations of the service, have occurred in the army during the past month, while three officers have been superseded, and her Majesty has dispensed with the services of a fourth. As almost all these vacancies are amongst the captains and subalterns, the supernumeraries will soon be absorbed.

LORD PANMURE has presented to the Corporation and inhabitants of Colchester two Russian guns, to be exhibited in such a manner as may be thought proper.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE HANDEL FESTIVAL, in the Sydenham Palace, have already taken the form of a prodigious erection for the orchestra—the central gap in which will presently be filled by the organ about to be set up there.

LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE COCKBURN is reported to be suffering from an affection of the head.

THE YIELD OF GOLD IN AUSTRALIA in 1856 was 3,007,280 ounces, second only to that of the celebrated year 1852.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN RAILWAY COMPANY has at length issued its prospectus in Paris.

NOT FEWER THAN 601 ENGLISH VESSELS, of 68,646 tons burden, and manned by 3,504 sailors, entered the port of Rouen in the course of last year.

THE AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT is about to carry off the pictures from the churches in Italy, and place them in the Imperial and Royal Academy, "in order to preserve them from damp." The pictures are to be replaced by copies. It is asked, "will not the very 'stones of Venice rise and resent this?'"

SOME NEW GOLD-FIELDS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED upon the borders of the State of Chihuahua; they are said to be far richer than those of California. The report states that they are situated near a lake named Jaco, to the south-east of the city of Chihuahua, and just upon the territory known as a favourite haunt of wild Indians.

FERUKH KHAN visited Woolwich on Thursday; and for his gratification and instruction, the Artillery went through the operations of a sham fight on the common. The rapidity of the Horse Artillery astonished the Persian Ambassador. He afterwards spent some time under the guidance of General Williams, in seeing the "sights" of the place.

COTTON is being extensively cultivated at Emmer, West Africa. The natives appear to be fully alive to the want of the staple in Europe.

MR. GEORGE HUDSON was arrested at Sunderland on the nomination-day; but he was liberated, being still protected by the law as a late Member. The bailiffs anxiously attended to the state of the poll; but Mr. Hudson came in second, and defeated them. It is said that judgments are out against him to the extent of £100,000.

MR. HOSLEY PALMER is about to resign his post as director of the Bank of England, which he has occupied for forty-six years.

THE EMPEROR OF FRANCE will permit the works of the French masters, now on view at the Royal Scottish Academy, to be exhibited at the Birmingham Exhibition.

MR. THACKERAY will repeat his lectures on the Four Georges, in the Music Hall, Surrey Gardens, on Monday next and three following evenings.

ALL THE BOXES AND STALLS IN HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE having been taken for the first night of the season, the same performances are announced to be given on the Thursday following, an open night.

A CHICAGO FARMER finding himself out of coal, resolved to try the virtues of corn as fuel. He discovered by the experiment that the corn gave a cleaner, better, and cheaper fire than coals. The corn and the coal cost the same money per bushel—namely, thirty cents.

THE PICTURE BY PAUL VERONESE, purchased for the National Gallery, is said to be the "Test of Darius," painted as a gift for the Pisani family in return for the kindnesses which he had received from that house.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE was this year won by the Oxford men. They had the advantage all through the contest, and came in easily twenty-five seconds before their opponents.

THE PATRIARCH OF VENICE, who is at the point of death, has received extreme unction. After the ceremony, his Grace gave his blessing to all his diocesan.

MORE BALLS AND CONCERTS have taken place in Paris during Lent this year than ever were known before. During the reign of Louis Philippe the court issued no invitations after Mid-Lent day. But under the new empire, notwithstanding all the severe lectures of Father Ventura, the court continues to hold splendid assemblies, and the grand monde naturally follows the example.

THE LAMBING SEASON IN NORFOLK has been on the whole a good one. The yield of lambs is estimated to exceed that of last year by one third.

SMITH'S EXTENSIVE GRAIN MILLS, Strabane, Londonderry, were accidentally burned during Friday night week. Some thousands of pounds worth of produce were destroyed. The premises were insured. The adjoining stores and houses escaped.

COLONEL SIMMONDS, C.B., who was with Omar Pacha in Asia Minor, has left London for the purpose of proceeding beyond Kara, to fix the boundary of the Russian territory in Asia. Colonel Stanton has been for some time in Bagdad, making similar arrangements in reference to the Russian frontier in that quarter.

MARSHAL MAGNAN, as commander of the army of Paris, recently issued an order directing that all soldiers of the Jewish persuasion shall be exempt from service during the solemnities of Easter, commencing on the 8th and ending on the evening of the 18th, in order that these men may be able to perform their religious duties.

THE FORTY-THIRD ANNIVERSARY of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution was held at the Freemason Tavern on Saturday. It was stated that during the past twelvemonth £1,019 were distributed in relief to seventy-three applicants in sums varying from £50 to £5. The total income for the past year amounted to £1,902, the expenditure to £1,197.

THE WELL-KNOWN FLAG of the renowned Twelve Apostles, once the prize of Sebastopol harbour, is now in the hands of an Englishman at Malta, who occasionally hoists it to shake out the moth, to the great indignation of the Russian Consul. We trust the patriotism of the possessor of this trophy will induce him to present it to the United Service Museum.

COLONEL WAUGH, one of the directors of the London and Eastern Bank, who obtained advances from that concern to the extent of £237,000, has, it is stated, retired with his family to the Continent.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD BREADKNIGHT, in Woolwich Dockyard, is now complete, the lower timbers having been separated and hauled out of the dock. The copper bolts and other metal, together with the old woodwork, will probably realise £4,000.

THE NEW INCOME-TAX ACT came into operation on Monday. The duty is now sevenpence, and on incomes less than £150 it is fivepence in the pound.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE STUDIOS.

TUESDAY being the day on which artists were called upon to submit their contributions to the forthcoming Academy Exhibition, I have been paying visits to the studios of my principal art friends, and now send you the result of my gleanings. The Exhibition will, I believe, be an excellent one, despite the absence of many of the great guns. There is, however, so positive an advance in the works of several hitherto only distinguished as "rising artists," that the public will be fully compensated for the loss of many names which have hitherto held places in the catalogue.

And first of Mr. Millais, who during his retirement in distant Perthshire has painted two wonderful pictures. Taking advantage of many hints given in severe phrase but kindly meant by previous critics, he has immensely improved in his former successes; and, still preserving his originality of treatment, his power of colour and his attention to detail, has at the same time softened his angularities, and apparently given up that strong tincture of the pre-Raphaelite faith, that to be beautiful one must be hideous. His largest picture, which he calls "A Dream of the Past," is unfortunately named, inasmuch as the title is commonplace, and does not sufficiently explain the subject. An old knight in heavy armour has ridden across a ford, bearing on his charger's back two pretty little children, girl and boy, whose half-timid half-pleased expression forms a pleasing contrast to the soldier-like bearing of the knight. On the other side of the ford lies a background of hill and dale, and autumnal herbage and foliage, painted with a richness and depth of colour wonderful to behold; indeed, this landscape will, I am certain, be the portion of the picture most commended, while the fault-finders will at once seize upon the unfortunate horse for the display of their criticism. He is, indeed, a gigantic brute; a very King-Charles's-Statue-at-Charing-Cross kind of animal—long-backed, broad-headed, black and stolid; a Life Guardsman's charger, a funeral horse to harness to a monarch's or a giant's hearse. The other picture, to any eye but that of a predetermined adverse critic, will be pronounced faultless. It is called the "Escape of a Heretic," and represents a young girl, clad in an *auto-da-fé* garment, and evidently just about to be led forth to the stake, rescued by her young lover, who has bound and gagged the old priest, and is hastily throwing a disguise over her head, and leading her forth. Here is a picture in which Mr. Millais has full scope for his strongest point, the concentration of feeling. Looking at the girl's face, and at the young man's, you read the whole story: in hers you see unexpected joy—in his, determination, love, passion, and, mixed with all, the feeling that his scheme is not yet entirely successful, and that she may still be wrested from him. The expression of the young man's lips, at the first glance, is almost comical; but, after a minute's reflection, you become convinced that, in a person labouring under the feelings represented, the features would take that form. As specimens of painting, I would call attention to the naked feet of the girl and youth, both so different, and both so natural; and I would also point out the rendering of the skin cloak hanging from the young man's shoulders—one of the most marvellous bits of minute representation and manipulation ever produced.

All persons interested in art and its professors know the name of Mr. Solomon, and respect it. Since the "First and Second Class" saw the light, this young artist was marked by all connoisseurs for an eminent position in his profession; but it is in his new and just-completed picture that his talent will be best recognised. A new style of subject has recently been popular among painters, a great improvement on the old "Finding the Body of Harold" or "Diana and her Nymphs" line of art, in which no one had any interest. In the new school, subjects which can be entered into and understood by the general public—realities of everyday life, which nevertheless admit of a poetical colouring—are portrayed, and their appeal to general sympathy is eagerly responded to. Of this class is Mr. Solomon's new picture. It is called "Waiting for the Verdict," and represents the family of a prisoner, consisting of his father, mother, wife, and two children, waiting in the ante-room of the court of justice, while the trial of him on whom all their hopes are centred is going on. From first to last the picture is admirably painted; the expression of the wife's face, in which misery is wrought up to the highest pitch, and every nerve is racked to tension, while the grief finds utterance in silent tears stealing down her cheeks—that expression has never left me since I first saw it; it comes between my eyes and the paper on which I am now writing, and is vividly reproduced before my sight. Such agonised, hopeless, helpless grief I have never seen portrayed. All the details are excellently carried out. The old father, in his high leather gaiters and velvet coat; the mother, with that high ruddy bronzed colour peculiar to countrywomen who have passed the meridian of their days; the fresh healthy child who has fallen asleep, unconscious of his father's woes; and the cooing infant in the grandmother's arms, are all types of rustic life reproduced with the greatest fidelity. I should think that Mr. Solomon's picture will be the favourite with the general public, in the Exhibition.

I told you last week that Mr. Ansdell had sent home several pictures from Spain. I have since had an opportunity of inspecting them, and am convinced that the art world will be surprised at the advance which this artist has made. For my part, I used not particularly to care for Mr. Ansdell; his pictures of animals were to be erably life-like, but they were of an enormous exaggerated size, and from their very massiveness were heavy and ineffective. These defects Mr. Ansdell's works no longer exhibit. In his new picture the artist has altogether eschewed his previous style, has introduced some excellent landscape effects, while his animals, sobered down to decent size, are quite Rosa Bonheurish in treatment. The subjects are various. In one we have a view of Cattle Ploughing, with the town of Seville in the distance. The ploughing land gives one a notion of immense space, a flat surface of country, with the sedge flag-covered banks of a stream, lying under an unclouded bright blue sky, against which the tall, gaunt figure of the ploughman stands in bold relief. Another picture represents a Seville water-carrier,



## Literature.

*The Life of Charlotte Brontë.* By E. C. Gaskell. London: Smith and Elder.

THIS book possesses more sources of interest than any we have ever seen. In the first place, it gives the life of the authoress of "Jane Eyre," and gratifies to the fullest possible extent the mere curiosity of the novel reader who is anxious to become personally acquainted with the novel writer. Then it is valuable to the critic as showing by what influences "Currer Bell" was surrounded, and how far she has availed herself of actual scenes, incidents, and characters, in her life-like fictions. Again, as a book of "letters and opinions," the work is highly instructive, communicating to us, as it does, the opinions expressed by Miss Brontë with regard to many contemporary writers, and above all contemporary novelists, such as Thackeray, Miss Austin, Balzac, and George Sand; it moreover shows us to what extent she profited by criticism, and in what estimation she held her critics; how some coarse sentences out of an insulting review of "Jane Eyre" in the "Quarterly" were put into the mouth of a vulgar woman in "Shirley," where they are so much in character that they have seldom been recognised as a quotation; how the adverse criticism of "Shirley" in the "Times" was so successful as to make its victim shed tears; and how Mr. G. H. Lewes in several printed articles and manuscript letters proved to her that, in order to be successful, she must draw her characters from living models, whereas almost the only one of her important characters, not suggested by some actual being, was Mr. Rochester, the most original and powerful of all.

Finally, Mrs. Gaskell's biography, simply as a history of the human heart, and of human struggles and sufferings, is as interesting in its truthfulness as one of Balzac's best novels, of which it used to be said, that they "read like biographies." Certainly, Mrs. Gaskell had excellent materials to deal with; but with the same means none but an accomplished artist could have produced the same result. Indeed, as a mere story, everything in this biography is admirable. A charming, suffering, triumphant heroine, who dies just as she has attained something like happiness; a peculiar family, every member of which possesses some individuality, while the career of one of them is highly dramatic, both in its tragic termination and in the contrast which it presents throughout to the peaceable existence of the others; an interior, the domestic arrangements of which are full of eccentricity;—everything, even to the gloomy, characteristic scenery of the Village of Haworth, is present, which could render a narrative touching and impressive.

When Mrs. Gaskell's volumes appeared, every one who paid the least attention to literature was aware that Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, the pseudonyms authors of some works of fiction, which in the case of Currer Bell had acquired a world-wide reputation, were the daughters of the Rev. Mr. Brontë, a Yorkshire clergyman, and that the three ill-fated sisters lay buried in their native village. In fact, five sisters and a brother, who lived less worthily and died more unhappily than any of them, lie in the same vault with their mother, who was taken from her children when the eldest was but a child. At the upper part of the tablet in the village church, "ample space had been allowed between the lines of the inscription, for when the first memorials were written down the survivors thought little of the margin and verge they were leaving for those who were still living." But as one died after the other, the lines were made closer together, and the letters became small and cramped. At last there was room for no more; and when, two years since, the last and most gifted of the six children left the childless and widowed father alone in the world, a separate tablet had to be added to chronicle the death of Charlotte Brontë.

The Rev. P. Brontë was a man with strange theories, who, certain eccentricities apart, does not seem to have been unkind in practice. It was well, however, not to leave sick dresses in any drawer to which the theoretic parent could easily gain access, for one which fell by chance into his hands—the only one his wife ever had after her marriage—was ruthlessly cut into shreds by the indignant advocate of simplicity. Coloured boots used also to exercise an injurious effect on his equanimity; and on one occasion several pairs which had been considerably placed on the fender to be in readiness for his children, who were out getting their feet wet on the moors, were at once consigned to the fire by the Lacedæmonian father. But if Spartan in his love of simplicity, he was something more than Laconic in his speech; for when irritated or annoyed he went so far as not to speak at all, contenting himself with firing off pistols in rapid succession from the back of the house. By this means the entire household had fair and simultaneous warning whenever Mr. Brontë's ire was raised. Mrs. Brontë, lying in bed upstairs, would hear the quick explosions, and know that something had gone wrong; but her sweet nature thought invariably of the bright side, and she would say, "Ought I not to be thankful that he never gave me an angry word?" Sometimes his anger took another but always a peculiar form, never expressing itself in words. "Once he got the hearth-rug, and stuffing it up the grate, deliberately set it on fire and remained in the room in spite of the stench until it had smouldered and shrivelled away into uselessness. Another time he took some chairs and sawed at the backs until they were reduced to the condition of stools." But it was not only in his anger that the father differed from other men; his peculiarities manifest themselves even in his calmest moments. Once, for instance, it occurs to him that his children are wiser than they would seem, and having a mask in the house, he makes them speak from behind it like so many actors in a Greek tragedy. He propounds the most sphinx-like enigmas, to which they give the most (Edipean) replies. Charlotte being asked "which is the best book in the world?" replies that the best book of all is the Bible, and that the next best is the book of nature. Another of the little girls being called upon to say "what she most wants?" instead of answering "sugar-plums," like any other child, says, "Age and experience."

The mother who, as we have said, died when the eldest of her children was but young, was succeeded in her position as directress of the family by a maiden aunt, who failed to inspire affection, and who for the better avoidance of damp shoes walked perpetually about the house in pattens. With the same praiseworthy object she took all her meals in her bedroom, which during the last few years of her life she never left.

Emily, the most interesting of the sisters (we mean, of course, the most interesting after Charlotte) suggested the character of Shirley, and even Shirley's bull-dog had its original at the personage of Haworth. "From her (Emily) many traits in Shirley's character were taken: her way of sitting on the rug, reading, with her arm round her rough bull-dog's neck—her calling to a strange dog running past with hanging head and jolling tongue, to give it a mercurial draught of water; its maddened snap at her; her nobly stern presence of mind, going right into the kitchen and taking up one of Tabby's red hot Italian irons to sear the bitten place, and telling no one till the danger was well nigh over for fear of the terrors that might beset their weaker minds. All this, looked upon as well invented fiction in Shirley, was written down by Charlotte with streaming eyes: it was the literal, true account of what Emily had done."

The brother, Bramwell, the dark character of the drama, in the early part of the story appears to us a very clever, reckless, slightly-dissipated lad, celebrated for brilliancy of conversation, and rewarded for the same by frequent summonses to the neighbouring tavern whenever the presence of a lively companion was deemed necessary to assist some casual visitor in disposing of a bottle of wine. Finally, the habit of drinking intemperately becomes a confirmed one with Bramwell. He had, moreover, formed a disastrous intimacy with a married woman, to whom he was madly attached. The husband of this woman having died, Bramwell imagined there would now be no obstacle to his marriage with her; but he had reckoned without the departed husband, a clause in whose will left all his property to his wife upon the express condition that she should see Bramwell no more. She had previously offered to elope with him, proving that she was insensible to shame; but now when her fortune was at stake, she deserted him. "More than an hour elapsed before sign or sound was heard; then those outside heard a noise like the bleating of a calf, and on opening the door he was found in a kind of fit, succeeding to the stupor of grief which he had fallen into on hearing that he was forbidden by his paramour ever to see her again, as if he did, she would forfeit her fortune." For the last three years of his life, Bramwell took opium habitually, and

drank whenever he could obtain the means of doing so. Finally, he died after an illness of a few hours, and by way of proving his energy at the last moment, he stood up to die.

We have now spoken of all the inmates of the personage, with the exception of an old servant who died at the age of ninety, when Charlotte Brontë's mortal illness had already declared itself. The first volume of Mrs. Gaskell's work, in which all these characters are sketched and grouped, will to the majority of readers be the most interesting; for, as we have already endeavoured to explain, the history of the Brontë family, even if one of them had never written "Jane Eyre," would still have had enough interest in it to attract the most careless of readers. The second volume deals more particularly with the literary career of Currer Bell, and its chief attractions appear to us to consist in those letters in which she speaks of her own novels, answers or accepts objections made to them, and treats (as she sometimes does) of the novelist's art in general. She expresses warmly and eloquently her admiration of Mr. Thackeray, whom she regards as far the greatest among English novelists. She had also the highest respect for the genius of Mr. Ruskin. Of all the critics who had reviewed her works, the most able, and in fact the only one who had thoroughly understood, and for whom she accordingly felt a deep regard, was Eugène Forcade (spelt *Forarde* in the work before us), the author of so many excellent articles on English literature in the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

Of course Mrs. Gaskell's biography will have a more profound interest for those who are familiar with the works of Miss Brontë—or rather Mrs. Nicholls, for she married her father's curate only nine months before her death—than for the reader, if any such can be found, who comes to its perusal without having read either "Villette," "Shirley," or "Jane Eyre." The curates of Shirley were curates who lived near Haworth. Miss Brontë had been two years at a school in Brussels. The school at Lowood was, in fact, at Cowan's Bridge. Helen Burns was her own sister. She had herself been a governess.

We are here reminded that one anecdote of her governess-life is too good to be omitted. Miss Brontë had been struck with a stone by an unruly boy, one of her pupils. The next day, in full family conclave, the mother asked Miss Brontë what had caused the mark on her forehead? "An accident, ma'am," was the only reply. But from that time she gained an influence over the child, who admired her for not "telling tales." "One day at the children's table the small trunk of the stable-yard, in a little demonstrative gush, said, putting his hand in hers, 'I love you, Miss Brontë.' Whereupon the mother exclaimed, 'Love the governess, my dear!'"

When Charlotte Brontë died, amongst those who grieved passionately for her was "a village girl who had been seduced some little time before, but who had found a holy sister in Charlotte." A blind-girl, too, who lived four miles from Haworth, loved Mrs. Nicholls so dearly that she implored to be led along the roads, and even the moors, to hear the last solemn words pronounced over the remains of her benefactress.

"Such," says Mrs. Gaskell, "were the mourners over Charlotte Brontë's grave."

## INSTALLATION OF THE BISHOP OF RIPON.

WHEN Dr. Bickersteth was promoted by Lord Palmerston to the Bishopric of Ripon, we hastened to illustrate our pages with a portrait of the Right Reverend Prelate, and to give a sketch of his interesting career.

On another page our readers will find an engraving representing an incident pertaining to the installation of Dr. Bickersteth as Bishop in the Cathedral Church of Ripon. This event took place so far back as the 5th of last month; but the pressure of other subjects has compelled us to defer the publication of our engraving until the present time. Most of the clergy and gentry of the city and neighbourhood were present at the ceremony. The Bishop, on his arrival at the Cathedral, was received at the western entrance by the Dean, Archdeacon Dodgson, Canon Gray, the minor canons, choristers, &c. A procession was then formed, which proceeded up the nave and choir to the altar table, when certain suffrages were read by the Dean, who afterwards conducted the Bishop to his throne, where he remained during the performance of the usual morning service. At the conclusion of the service, his Lordship accompanied the Dean to the deanery. In the morning, and at intervals during the day, merry peals were rung upon the Cathedral bells in celebration of the event.

## THE FASHIONS.

THE preparations for Easter, which, during several weeks past, have occupied the London milliners, are now completed, and the result is the production of a vast number of elegant novelties suited to the advent of spring. The show-rooms are filled with brilliant assortments of bonnets, caps, &c., some imported from Paris, and others the creations of native taste and skill. Having had an opportunity of seeing several elegant collections of spring millinery, we will here describe a few of the articles which are most distinguished for novelty.

Bonnets of paille de riz, Leghorn, and fancy straw of various kinds, are likely to be very general; and as the warm weather advances, bonnets of white tulle bouillonné will be highly fashionable. Many of the latter already made up, are profusely trimmed with flowers of various kinds; and it may be mentioned that violets and lilac (white and coloured), are the favourite flowers. A bonnet of tulle bouillonné has been trimmed with a noble wreath of violets, one encircling the crown, and the other passing round the edge of the front; thus forming a sort of ruche. Another bonnet, also of tulle bouillonné, is trimmed with a broad fall of white blonde. This fall is atached to the edge of the front, and forms, as it were, a violette, which is turned back, and then carried round the brim, or curtain, over which it hangs downward. Bouquets of white and coloured lilac are placed at each side of this bonnet. An elegant mourning bonnet is made of black tulle, delicately wrought with jet, and trimmed with rows of black lace. On each side is a tuft of small black marabouts, tipped with violet colour. The under trimming consists of white tulle, jet, and bouquets of violets. Many caps of black lace intended for negligé are trimmed with ribbon of that rich hue now so fashionable, and designated *bouton d'or*. In evening costume the cache-peigne still continues to be a favourite head-dress. Loops, or coral beads, or pearls, or gold beads are frequently intermingled with flowers and ribbon in forming cache-peignes.

For ball dresses, white or coloured tulle, crape, or taffety, are the materials most generally adopted. These dresses are profusely trimmed with flowers, ribbon, and frequently with tufts of marabouts, or with marabout fringe.

Our illustrations represent a bridal costume, and a dress suited for the promenade or carriage drive. The bridal dress is composed of white Italian tulle, and has two skirts; the upper one being scarcely more than a quarter of a yard shorter than that below it. The upper skirt is ornamented at each side with three rows of lace, set on almost plain, and each row is headed with white passementerie of a very beautiful pattern. The corsage is high to the throat, and over it is worn a small fichu of tulle, trimmed with lace and passementerie. The fichu descends in a point to the waist, both at the back and in front. The corsage is fastened up the front by small bows of white satin ribbon, and a bow with ends fastens the point of the fichu at the waist. The sleeves are open in front of the arm from the shoulder downward, and the open edges are confined by a bow of white satin ribbon. They are trimmed with rows of lace and passementerie placed longitudinally like those on the skirt of the dress. The under sleeves are of white tulle bouillonné. Instead of a collar, a narrow ruche of tulle is worn round the throat. The wreath at the back of the head is composed of white lilac and narcissus; and the diadem wreath, which passes across the forehead, is of myrtle and orange blossoms. Under the wreath at the back of the head are fixed long barbes of lace. In front of the corsage is worn a small bouquet of myrtle and orange blossoms. Shies of white satin.

The dress shown in the other figure is of dark blue moire antique. The mantelet is of black velvet, richly embroidered with black silk, and trimmed with two very broad falls of black lace. The bonnet is of white tulle, trimmed with rows of white blonde, and with a long white feather twisted spirally. The under trimming is of white tulle, with bouquets of red geraniums.

His two mules, with large earthen jars hanging pannier-wise across backs, and a general romantic and Gil Blas-like treatment of the work, which has been purchased by Lord Londeshborough, and is now for the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester, is called the "Man from Labour." Here we have the unyoked oxen, wearied with their work, and with a sense of lassitude pervading every limb, heavily laden across their head yoke. Two smaller pictures represent respectively the "Clipping of a Mule," which, with tethered legs and a wiry tail, stands half-impatiently submitting to the treatment of the hands of a sapient veterinarian, and the "Mad-Meat of an Itinerant Fruit-seller," a fat, oily Spaniard, who, with his back against the wall, is partaking of his frugal dinner in a sentimental attitude.

Philip, the exponent, *par excellence*, of Spanish life to a British public, has two pictures for the coming Exhibition. The one represents a smuggler or contrabandist, who, through the bars of his prison, is seeing a child held up to him by his wife. At a glance one can perceive the doubling anguish in the woman's face, and the eagerness with the hawkeye ruffian, oblivious of all else around, clasps his little one in a rough month. In the background is seen an old woman, the mother of the culprit, explaining his innocence to a stolid soldier, who, with very little care about the matter, is pre-occupied with the duties of lighting his cigar. In the second picture, a beggar-woman, earnest piteous face, is holding out one hand for charity to a sleek, red priest, while the other clasps a child to her breast. The priest, rising under the grasp of his tightly clasped hands a large pin, looks steadily forward, straight out of the picture. In both of these works the artist has thrown a large degree of earnestness and dramatic expression into the faces, while the atmosphere and details of the scene are painted with that force which has earned for Mr. Philip his well-earned reputation.

Mr. Augustus Egg, who could not paint badly even if he would, has yearned to his name, although his chosen subject will not, I fear, be interesting to the general public. It represents an episode in the career of Mr. Thackeray's hero, Colonel Edmond, when the wilful, capricious Beatrix has just tasted a blue sick round the hero returned to the army, while her mother, herself in love with the stalwart younger, looks on with earnest jealous eyes. The expression of each face is excellent, while the contrast of colour in the scarlet coat, the deep curtains, and the light blue sash, is a marvel of painting. The oak paneling of the walls has been painted from—I was about to say, life—the old Camden House at Kensington, next door to which Mr. Egg's residence.

Those who to the Academy last year will remember a picture by Mr. M. F. Gray, called "Measuring for the Wedding Ring," the many excellences which were counterbalanced by the ugliness of the female figure, and the angular pre-Raphaelitism of the general treatment. Profiting by this, this young artist has this year produced a work which, wherever it is placed, will at once rivet attention. It is called the "Sale of Art." A beautiful young girl, with deep melancholy in her face, is turning away after the signature of her marriage contract, while her father presses her finger on the seal, and bids her deliver the document as "not and deed." The bald-headed old lawyer is handing the fees to the future husband, a perfect type of the rich, thick-headed, moneyed sort; while from the porch of the house is seen issuing into the bleak, cloud background the young broken-hearted lover. The story is told in a few lines, and will need from the catalogue no legend to appeal to once the spectator. The details of the apartment—the table cover, the curtains, the deeds scattered on the floor, the very blue bag from which they have been released—are extraordinary in the closeness of their rendering.

A correspondent, who furnishes me with his name and address, denies that the late "Tom Barry" was brother of Sir Charles, the architect, and insists publication of the count diction. His request is complied with; nevertheless the belief was very current in the profession, and I, for one, am still by no means certain on the point.

## THE THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LOUNGER.

THE Passion Week entertainments have been many and various. At Trinity Lane, Mr. Alfred Mellon and "Julien's Band" have been giving concerts, the star performers of which have been Miss Arabella Goddard and the Sardinian Picco. On Monday, Mr. Case's monster concert took place at Exeter Hall. Mr. Thackeray has been lecturing at the Surrey Gardens on the "Four Georges," while in the far regions of St. John's Road, at the Eyre Arms Concert Room, there have been concerts of merit above the average.

Both the rival operas open on Tuesday next. The Lyceum gives "Luriani," with Grisi and Gardoni; while her Majesty's Theatre produces the "Favorita," with two novelties, Madame Spesia and Signor Agolini. The glorious ballet of "Esmeralda" follows, with Madame Picchini in the principal character.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## THE REMAINING MAGAZINES.

A NEW monthly periodical, called the "Irish Metropolitan Magazine," and published by Mr. Mullane, of College Green, makes its first appearance this month. Its price is half-a-crown, its appearance good and bulky, its contents clever and varied, though the majority are on subjects pertaining to sport. A serial tale, called "Life's Foreshadowings," by the author of "Old Times," is the *pièce de resistance*, and occupies the place of honour; the verses "Vite Via" are very pretty and musical; and the "Morning's Duck Shooting at Laughnagall," written with a dash and spirit which will please most sportsmen. "A Few Words on Novels" contain very feeble criticism on our modern romance writers—criticism, moreover, which has been often written before, and which is unconvincing, and without purpose. The writer evidently cannot make up his own mind on the subject on which he endeavours to influence his readers. A neat compendium of hunting, racing, coursing, yachting, and general sporting intelligence during the months of February and March, concludes the number.

Scarcely so good a number of "Ta't" as usual. Magazinetists should remember that such questions as the "Chinese War" have been ventilated, and such books as "Sir John Bowring's Siam" have been reviewed, by all the daily and weekly press before the monthly periodicals are published, and that their *dilecta* will therefore be stale and uncared for. The "Ballads of Bon Gualtier's Grandsons" are better this month.

The "London University Magazine" has much improved, and for a serious periodical is one of the best of the cheap publications. The articles on "Belis," "The Treatment of the Insane," and "Alfred Tennyson," are cleverly written, though the general public will dissent from many of the opinions upon the Laureate's works.

The "Bagman's Budget," as they wickedly call the "Commercial Traveller's Magazine," is very dull and very bad. A combination of smartness and commerce does not work well; indeed, the business part of the magazine is far more amusing than the dismal serial, or the forced form of essays. Let me recommend the writer of the present series of Highways and Byways of London "About the Docks," to read a paper of Mr. Gaskell's in "Household Words," called "Jack's Alive," and then go home and relinquish pen and ink for the remainder of his natural life.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TOBACCO.—The "Lancet," having given up its columns for several weeks past to correspondence relative to the tobacco controversy, at length delivers its own conclusions, as follows:—1. To smoke early in the day, is excess. 2. As people are generally constituted, to smoke more than about two pipes of tobacco, or one or two cigars daily, is excess. 3. Youthful indulgence in smoking is excess. 4. There are physiological indications which, occurring in any individual case, are criteria of excess.

TAKING THE MOST OF HIS EARS.—Some time ago, a Maltese sailor went to Malta, and whilst there had his ears cut off for committing an assault on a woman. The ears were returned to him by his punishers. He has lately been about Lyons as a mendicant, and exhibiting to the compassion of the public his own pair of ears, in a box, which he held up to the gaze of the bystanders, prominently appealing to their charity and patriotism as a poor soldier, who had been made prisoner by the Russians, and thus cruelly mutilated.





THE INSTALLATION OF THE BISHOP OF RIPON: THE PROCESSION PASSING ALONG THE NAVE OF THE CATHEDRAL.



SPRING FASHIONS.

## THE BADDINGTON PEERAGE.

BEING THE LIVES OF THEIR LORDSHIPS.

A STORY OF THE BEST AND THE WORST SOCIETY.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH."

(Continued from page 222.)

## CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

CAPTAIN POLLYBLANK SEES IT ALL.

To be ragged, destitute, hungry, and in debt, and suddenly to be in possession of twenty pounds sterling, is in itself an occurrence of looked-for and gratifying nature, that the indulgence of the more natural feelings of humanity by the recipient must be regarded as a natural consequence to the event. The present writer had once a taste share in a freehold situate in a slum in Somers Town; and that freehold being, under the terms of a will, sold by auction at Garraway's, and raising some score more pounds than had been anticipated, the writer is ashamed to confess that he immediately cast all his preconceived plans for a chop and a glass of sherry at the "Cock" in Threadneedle Street to the winds, and, for the space of about ten minutes, lived at the rate of ten thousand a year, by revelling in a half-pint basin of real turtle and a glass of punch at Birch's. The extravagance was scored up against him at the time, doubtless, with triply-notched chalk; and he will have to howl for some day; but the turtle was delicious, and he did not forget to drink in iced punch the health of the purchaser who had bidden so boldly for the freehold.

With twenty sovereigns rattling in his trousers' pockets, Captain Jack Pollyblank sat on the edge of the pembroke table in the equivocal parlour of the "Blue Pump" until very late on the same wet night that the moon in the cloak came to buy the bracelet of him, and whose use of that bracelet a little after midnight you have heard in the last chapter. The outward appearance—as to vestments—of the Captain was in no wise changed. He was as shabby, ragged, dirty, and disreputable as before; but it needed no tongue in the Captain's cheek, no wink in the Captain's eye, no hand-slapping of the Captain's pocket, to tell you that Captain Jack Pollyblank was in luck and in funds, and didn't care twopence for the Pope of Rome.

He had not been idle since the departure of the strange gentleman who had bought the bracelet that had not four pennyworth of gold in it, but just the worth of One Humaa Life prisoned in the fourth bead from the tail end of the clasp. Beef and pickles had been ordered for the Captain's refectory, and brought in and voraciously consumed. The purf had been allowed ignominiously to cool and grow flat and mawkish; and a real bowl of punch—the very best, both as to punch and bowl, that the "Blue Pump" could put on its pembroke for five shillings—steamed at the Captain's elbow. He had ordered Dirty Dick, the waiter, to have what he liked, and Dick had had what he liked, and a great deal more than was good for him. He had invited Simon Meggot, victualler, to partake of punch. So liberal was the Captain on the strength of his newly-fledged prosperity, that I have no doubt he would have treated the company to glasses round of anything to which they chose to give a name: only the night was so wet that the "Blue Pump" parlour was deserted by its usual frequenters—medical students attached to the neighbouring Hospitals, St. Fawkes's, St. Griddle's, and St. Catherine Wheeler's, and sometimes even nascent practitioners from the great west end Hospital of St. Lazarus. The company in the bar, consisting mainly of inebriated hatters, and those peripatetic dealers in fish, fruit, and vegetables, known under the generic name of "Costers," with a sprinkling of slipshod women, babies in arms, and mendicant cripples without any arms at all, were not a company who could be treated by a gentleman of the Captain's position and prospects. So Jack sat and smoked his pipe and drank his punch by himself, indulging in Alaschar-like dreams the while, and fingering his twenty golden sovereigns; for his riches were still intact.

"And a remarkable circumstance it is," reasoned the Capitalist, "that when a man is known to have no money, everybody wants to see the colour of that money before they will sell him a penny loaf or a saveloy; whereas directly he is known to have plenty of money, nobody wants to see it, but insist on selling him turtle or venison on credit. That chuff, Meggot, would have refused me trust for fourpenn'orth of liquor an hour since, and now I am at least eight shillings into those flinty ribs of his, only because he has caught a glimpse of the twenty pounds my uncle from India made me a present of. It would be only serving the rascal out not to pay him at all, even now."

"My uncle from India," he continued, with complacent thoughtfulness, emptying the ashes from his pipe on to the table, and slowly reeling that calumet; "my uncle from India is a most remarkable relation. A species of Dutch uncle, I may say. A close card, my uncle. A sly card. He wanted that for himself, did he? Ah! I daresay. However, it's no business of mine. The stuff will tell no tales."

It never entered into the wretched man's mind that it was his own immortal Business to know the purpose to which he to whom he had sold a subtle and deadly poison intended to apply it—a poison that, save a slight odour, would leave no mark, no sign, no trace, internal or external, on the body of the person to whom it had been administered. It never entered into his mind to reflect with horror that he was by that time the guilty and cold-blooded accomplice in either a murder or a suicide. We prate about conscience, and its still, small voice. We talk about stifling conscience, drugging it, searing it. I tell you there are fifty thousand villains that swagger in the streets every day between Temple Bar and Hyde Park Corner—villains with a conscience as loud-voiced as the trumpets which that blew down the walls of Jericho. Such villains let their conscience bray out as blatantly as it pleases. They laugh at conscience, and call it "my boy," and dig it in the ribs, and clap it on the shoulder. Grave doctors tell us that every Murderer is to a certain extent mad when he murders. I believe that Murderers abound, who, calculating chances, nicely weigh the odds between impunity and the scaffold; who, with a Conscience wide awake, and watchful as a police-inspector or a newspaper editor, go and murder, and take conscience with them, simply because they want to murder, and even when they know detection to be certain, and the gallows inevitable, yet go and murder still, because it suits their murderous purpose. And it is certain that these men go on studying Greek and Hebrew, betting on Derbys and Oaks innumerable, marrying wives and rearing children, cramming strychnine down the throats of their friends and relations, eating pig and plum sauce, and sleeping comfortably in four-post beds, and night-caps with tassels, and that tie under the chin—and murdering still with conscience at their elbow. Paradoxical it may seem; but I believe the poor Archbishop of Paris's conscience, or that of any other thoroughly good, harmless man, troubled and pained him about five hundred times more than the conscience of M. Verger—or any other bloodthirsty villain—troubled that late ecclesiastic and assassin.

"Some men," was the profound remark of the Man with a conscience, his new pipe being lighted to his satisfaction, "are said to be ready for anything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter. To the first I may say I have been addicted from my youth upwards. With the last, Jack, it strikes me you are not very far from intimate acquaintance."

"I wonder what it was," he resumed. "Love, Forgery—a Brother, or a Wife, that stood in his way. Somebody to get rid of, I'll go bail. Was there ever such a curious thing as my being in this very room, not three months since, perdition hard up (though, by the way, that isn't so curious a thing), and on a night just as miserable as this one. Was there anything so fortuitous as for that respectable pre-occupied individual to come here in that identical and interesting Spanish cloak of his, quite, as I am willing to believe, by accident, and merely driven in by stress of weather, while in pursuit of a wild-goose chase after a woman—what did he say was the name she passed by?—a woman about forty years of age, with black hair, and deucedly dissipated-looking, who, he said, had been last heard of living in a three-pair-back in Sun Court, and who, according to him, was a most uncommon good one at the rum bottle! By the way, he had been rather a good one at some bottle or another himself, that night; for I



never saw a closer imitation of a party who had been going in rather freely at the maddening wine cup. Maddening wine cup! It must have been port by bucketful, or sherry in quart pots. Was there anything ever so curious, either, as the way in which he went on here at the maddening brandy flask, likewise at the maniacal gin-noggin, to say nothing of the frantic whisky measure? He emptied them into that respectable throttle of his, as though he had been a waste butt turned into a churchwarden, or a banker, or a Lord. He must have been one of them."

The bird's-eye had burned down low into the bowl again, and Jack Pollyblank contemplatively used a fork prong for a tobacco stopper.

"Drunk as William who came to grief, drunk as the pet spaniel of the traditional violinist, was John Pollyblank," he still mused, "on the eventful evening when it rained cats and dogs. Out came the domestic cat from J. P.'s bag. Blown was Jack Pollyblank's gaff—blown as a balloon. I told him my own story; I borrowed a 'quid,' a silver-coloured pound from him; I told him of that bracelet I got hold of in the Black Town of Calcutta. I wish I'd never seen it, or her who gave it me; for she's more of those sort of wares in stock, I know, and she'll murder me with a toothpick, or a shirt-pin, or a waistcoat-button, some day, I'll be bound."

"Why should I regret it, though? He said he'd look me up again if he wanted it, and now, by Jove! he has looked me up, and he wants it, I suppose, for somebody; and Jack Pollyblank is twenty pounds the wiser, and can see no law why he should not enjoy himself thereupon. Hooray!"

So mused, smoking and drinking, Captain Pollyblank. He was an atrocious scoundrel and villain, with a dash of humour and a spice of *bon-homie* in him; would, robbing Peter of five pounds, invest five pence in treating Paul to drink, and would have his joke when he perjured himself. These, ladies and gentlemen, are delightful social characteristics of about the most dangerous class of these roaring lions, who are continually running up and down seeking whom they may devour. When the devil is a jolly fellow and is fond of his joke, he is about the worst devil that you can meet on this side Tophet.

Captain Pollyblank's reflections had not been wholly of a dry nature; for at their termination he found the punch-bowl empty. Ringing the bell to order that festive vessel to be replenished, he suddenly became aware of the presence of another visitor in the parlour of the "Blue Pump."

In the person of a slight man of no particular age, who, if his name had happened to have been Smith, might have been called "old Smith" or "young Smith" indifferently, and with equal safety; a person who was straw-coloured as to hair, and raven-hued as to costume, and who must have been, seemingly, in the receipt of fern-seed, and so have walked invisible, for he had come no man knew whence, and no man knew how. At least, Captain Pollyblank didn't. But the mysterious appearance was there, at all events.

"Why, it's Sal Tinctop!" the Captain cried in a loud, cheery voice. "Welcome, Sal. Welcome, little stranger. Welcome, thou silent, pale-faced, snub-nosed haystack. Welcome to the halls of Pollyblank; for Pollyblank is in funds, and will treat thee royally, 'Chy-ike!'"

With which mysterious adjuration, or expetive, or masonic "jodel" of "chy-ike," whatever it meant, Jack made a feint of embracing the straw-coloured man in black, whom he addressed as Sal Tinctop, and welcomed him to the halls of Pollyblank.

"I see it all," exclaimed the Captain.

Just then the clock struck twelve. I wonder what it was the Captain saw.

#### CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

##### THE MORNING AFTER.

THE chronological reader will remember that it was twelve o'clock at night that the convivial Pollyblank hailed the entrance into the parlour of the "Blue Pump," of a person of light complexion known to him by the appellation of Tinctop, and who could not by any possibility have been a nearer relative to the morally deaf and dumb assistant of Mr. Fleem, F.R.C.S., than he was, seeing that he happened to be that deaf and dumb assistant himself.

The mere appearance of this confidential practitioner had been sufficient to cause Captain Pollyblank to explain that "he saw it all," but it was not till about two o'clock on the morning after, and subsequent to the consumption of quantities of punch and tobacco, which to those unacquainted with the capacity of holding alcohol and inhaling nicotine possessed by the Captain, would have seemed unattainably immense, that he started up, declaring that he saw it now as clear as crystal, and that Mr. Tinctop was a thrice-distilled ass—only that he did not use so mild an epithet as that—for not enabling him to see it all two hours sooner.

"You sappy Spooney! you dolt! you nincompoop! you jolter-headed, batter-pudding-brained griffin! you bag of soft sawder from a timber head," he cried out in a rage; "you've been leading me on the wrong scent, with your confounded humming and hawing. Why couldn't you come straight to the point, pap-skull?"

"How was I to know that you knew the parties?" meekly remonstrated the maligned Mr. Tinctop. "What a one you are to go on, Jack! How could I tell that Mr. Falcon of Grosvenor Square—"

"There, hold your tongue," hastily interposed his friend. "Stop," he added suddenly, seizing the deaf and dumb assistant by the collar of his coat, and looking steadily, and with a kind of humorous ferocity, in his face. "Look you here, Tinctop of mine."

"W-w-well, what is it, Jack?" stammered that gentleman, among whose personal qualities, it may be observed, once for all, personal courage did not by any means shine.

"You have known me for a long time, and you know me pretty well, I think."

"Y-y-yes, Jack."

"Listen, then, to the wisdom of Pollyblank, my Christian friend," the Captain resumed quite jocosely. "You have made a communication to me to-night which you could not help yourself in making, seeing that the Three Fates, the Nine Muses, and the Board of Ordinance have decreed that you, Seth Tinctop, shall be for ever and a day my Pump, and that I, Jack Pollyblank, shall be your sucker. That communication is useful to me—may make my fortune, and yours too into the bargain. On the other hand, I have told you certain things that might hereafter (if supported, which they are not, by credible evidence) lead certain fools to believe that I have been an accessory before a certain fact. Observe: There is an oracle herein that I intend to work. If you attempt to interfere with, or cross, or counteract whatsoever I choose to do—if you don't keep that tongue of yours as tight as handcuffs between your teeth—and if you are not in all things my tool, deaf, dumb, blind, halt to everything but what I choose to tell you, I'll—"

"What, Jack, what?" the victim asked imploringly.

"I won't say that I'll jump upon you," the Captain good-naturedly explained, "or that I'll pitch you into the Surrey Canal, or that I'll cut your throat, or poison you; but by—, Seth Tinctop," and here he swore a frightful oath, "I'll MURDER you!" He threw his friend away from him as he spoke, with sportive brutality; and then taking his arm in a tight, but most friendly manner, and saying that it was "time to travel," swaggered out with him through the bar.

If Seth Tinctop had heard Captain Pollyblank take any oath in the witness-box of any court of justice, he would have known very well that his friend—false, ruffianly, depraved as he was—would immediately afterwards have perjured himself chin deep, had it suited him so to do, without the slightest hesitation or remorse. But it is a curious fact that Captain Pollyblank's remarks, made at two o'clock in the morning, and by a person highly inflamed with spirituous liquors, were by their hearer implicitly believed, and would have attained as unequivocal credence had they lacked the immoral support of an imprecation. For Seth Tinctop knew his man, and Captain Pollyblank knew his also.

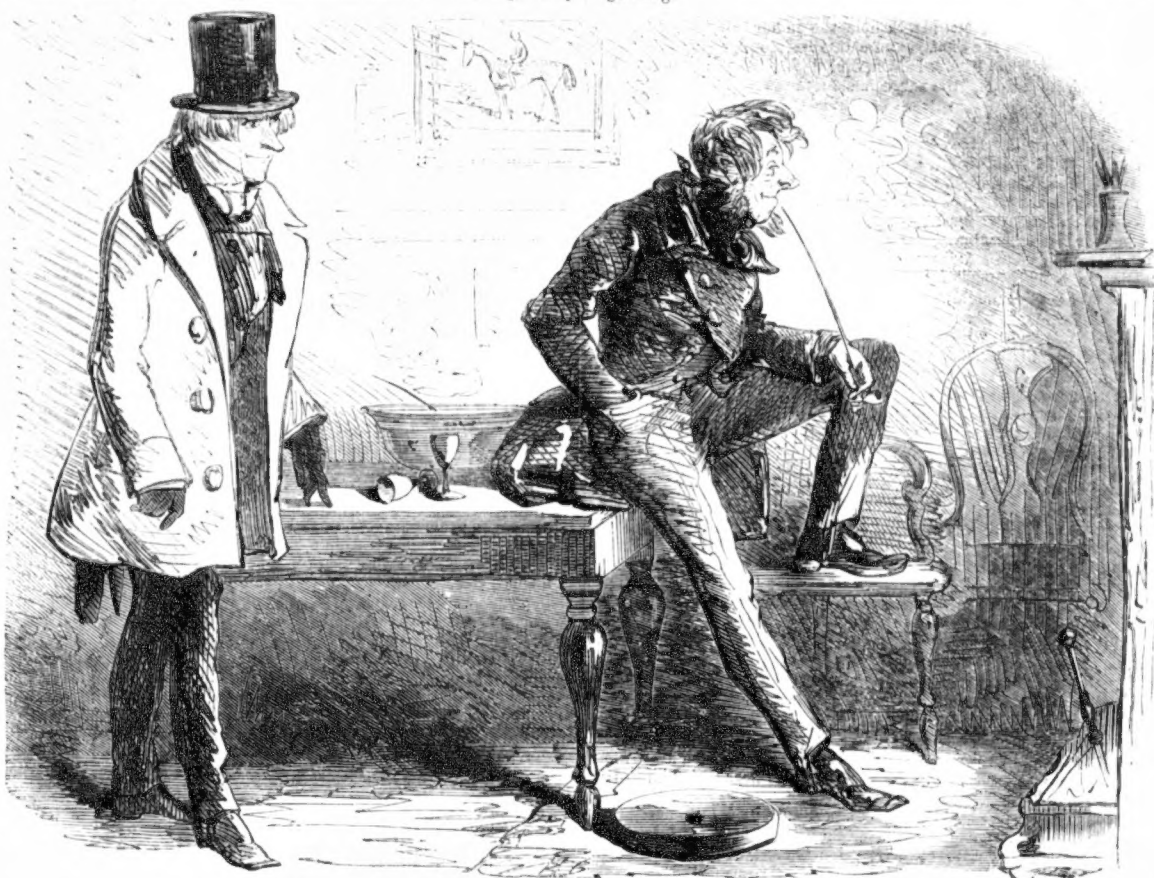
The landlord was fast in a sottish sleep behind his unsavoury bar; and Dick, the waiter, drowsing by the closed door, woke up to let them out. "There was fifteen and eightpence to pay," he muttered in leaden language. It was perfectly competent with the more facetious phases of the Captain's character to have at once disabled the sleepy waiter by a cunningly-directed blow in some sensitive part of his anatomy, and, profiting by the bar between himself and the landlord, to have made a run for it, without paying

the score at all. On the present occasion, however, with an integrity and a magnanimity and generosity wonderful to record and delightful to view, the Captain threw a shining sovereign on the beer-stained pewter of the bar counter, and bade Dick take it out of that and keep the change.

Dick wanted no second telling, but sprang on the precious coin, taking care to bite it, as a measure of precaution, before he drew the bolts of the door. So these loving friends went out into the morning.

It had cleared up wonderfully, and the moon was out. Interrogated by

What was the matter? What was the noise, the crowd about? Captain Pollyblank kept asking the question of everybody. Everybody answered, "Death was the matter. Murder the matter? No! not murder, only 'sooicide.'" Mr. Falcon had killed hisself; Mrs. Falcon, the two Misses Falcon, had poisoned themselves. It was pison. And above the din you might hear the scared treble of John-Peter, making a lexicological salad of his five hundred answers, and as a last resource imploring everybody to "gawlong."



THE ARRIVAL OF TINCTOP IN THE PARLOUR OF THE BLUE PUMP.—(Drawn by Phiz.)

Pollyblank as to whither he was going, Mr. Fleem's assistant announced his intention of returning home to the residence of his chief, which was situate in a grandly dull street, as befitted so eminent a practitioner, in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor Square. To this Captain Pollyblank rejoined, that, such being the case, and in consideration of the fineness of the weather, he would walk that way himself, for fear, too, he humorously added, his dear friend might lose himself or get into mischief. It is not improbable that the Captain had other motives in thus volunteering to accompany Mr. Tinctop to his domicile. Perhaps he wished to walk off the fumes of the punch and tobacco; perhaps he desired to worm out, *en route*, some further information on a subject so momentous to him. Be it as it may, the two walked on together down and up and along streets and thoroughfares great and small, and over bridges, till in due time they reached Grosvenor Square itself, and passing through it on their way to the grandly dull street close by, found themselves opposite Gertrude Falcon's mansion. Late, or rather early, as it was, there was a crowd before the house. There were carriages—Mr. Fleem's and Lord Baddington's; there were constables; there was the beadle; and,

Through the tumult there suddenly came out to his carriage, Mr. Fleem, who espying Tinctop his assistant, suddenly collared him, and demanded know instant "where the woman was."

"Where is she, you scoundrel?" exclaimed the indignant surgeon. "Where is she? What have you done with her?"

"I—I—don't know what you mean, Mr. Fleem," his deaf and dumb assistant, in an agony of terror, answered. He looked round helplessly for Jack Pollyblank, but the Captain had swiftly and discreetly withdrawn himself.

"Didn't I tell you to let no one come near her, you villain?" asked Mr. Fleem.

"And I let no one come near her," answered Tinctop, "except Mrs. Lint, whom you sent. I visited her three times during the evening; and left her for the last time at nine o'clock, and she was then in a comfortable sleep. Mrs. Lint said she was getting on quite nicely."

"Mrs. Lint is a fool," cried his superior. "Mrs. Lint is a stupid fool, and a drunken fool, Sir; Mrs. Lint went to sleep, and we had all the trouble in the world to wake her. And she says that she must have been drugged with laudanum."



MR. FLEEM SEIZES TINCTOP IN GROSVENOR SQUARE.—(Drawn by Phiz.)

though I should have been unable to point them out, there were, I daresay, hovering about somewhere, some of those mysterious birth, marriage, and death hunters, who call themselves "representatives of the press," but who might with more propriety be styled literary undertakers.

The hall door was wide open; and John-Peter, in a distracting *deshabille*, was vainly endeavouring to answer five hundred questions, categorically put, at once. Failing in that, he gave five hundred answers in incoherent fragments, anyhow.

"And isn't the patient better, Sir?" the assistant asked innocently.

"Better, you idiot!" exclaimed the surgeon, passionately. "Better—She's gone. What have you done with her?"

"Mr. Fleem," replied Tinctop, respectfully, but with as much firmness as he could infuse into his quavering voice, "I attended to your directions. I left the patient with the nurse you selected. Mr. Falcon's footman let me out at nine o'clock, after my last visit, and I'm not further responsible. And I'll trouble you, Sir, to take your hand off my collar."



The surgeon unheeded his assistant, looking at him with a vexed and puzzled air. Then he said, "Come in here," pushed Tinctop into his carriage; said "Home" to the coachman, and began biting his nails, and looking at Mr. Tinctop with a more puzzled expression than ever.

"What do you do in Grosvenor Square at three in the morning?" he asked, imperiously.

"You will remember, Sir, that you gave me permission to absent myself after ten o'clock last evening, to visit a sick friend. I did so, and sat by his bed-side till past two o'clock this morning, as you were good enough not to limit me to time, and Mr. Scalpe the junior being at your house. I came home through the Square, and naturally stopped, seeing this crowd. Has anything happened to Mr. Falcon, Sir?"

"Mr. Gervase Falcon," the surgeon slowly answered, "has committed suicide!"

"Good Heavens, Sir!"

"Poisoned himself. How, Heaven may know, but I don't. All I can say is, that at half-past twelve I found him, by the empty bedside of that woman, stark, stiff, and dead. There was a powerful aromatic smell hanging about the body, tallying in odour with that of a box of lozenges I found on the table. Lozenges must be analyzed, of course. Post-mortem, too, as soon as it is daylight."

"Perhaps he died in a fit," Mr. Tinctop suggested.

"Died in a fiddlestick," Mr. Fleem retorted, testily. "I tell you he poisoned himself. Though how the deuce," he added, with a desperately puzzled expression, "he managed to do it, I know no more than Lady Rabbetwarrenne knows when she is going to leave off making Sir Hutebians Rabbetwarrenne a father."

"I suppose Mrs. Falcon is dreadfully afflicted," remarked the assistant, as the carriage drew up before Mr. Fleem's house.

"What business is that of yours?" was the polite reply. "I brought you with me to ascertain whether you know anything, not to be catechised by you. There, go to bed, and hold your tongue. You'll be wanted for the post-mortem, in the morning, and for the inquest after that."

So saying, and with a yawn, the distinguished Surgeon dismissed his inferior, and went up-stairs to his own bed-chamber, muttering to himself as he went along that it was a deuced strange thing, and that he couldn't make it out at all.

"Go to bed and hold my tongue," said the assistant, between the teeth of his mind, as he snatched up a bed-candle, and went up-stairs to bed too. "Hold my tongue! That's what all of 'em say. We'll see! We'll see!"

"I know more than all of 'em now, I think," he resumed, when he was safe in his own little apartment, and had locked the door. "She is in my hands, oh! Jack can't stir a peg in the matter without me. I told him I had got her, and not where. A wrong number, oh! and a wrong street. He'll go there before he sleeps, ha! ha! I think I've enough, too, in my hands, to hang Jack Pollyblank, and to bring all these high and mighty Falcons on their knees. Perhaps, though, I'd better work with Jack; I don't like being alone in a swim. Jack's such a knowing card—I e's such a safe card, too. I shall be sure to hear from him in the morning, though."

The thoughts that he should be sure to hear from Jack in the morning, and that he had deceived Jack as to a certain number of a house in a certain street, were sufficient to cause Mr. Seth Tinctop to break out into a cold perspiration. He began to remember, with terrible distinctness, the assurance his friend had given him in the "Blue Pump" parlour, of his intentions towards him in case of misconduct on his part; and, as he remembered, he trembled.

"I must work with Jack," he groaned at last, throwing himself on his bed; "I must work with him; but I'll see him hanged, and be the hanging of him too, some day, for all that."

With which Christian hope and resolve he put his head on the pillow, and slept very soundly.

Sleep, on such a night! Ay, they all slept. The surgeon and the assistant, the villain and the beadle, and the penny-a-liner—the daughters of Gervase Falcon in the first hours of their bereavement—the widow in the first agony of her widowhood! Sleep mercifully knitted up the ravelled sleeve of their care, even for the most afflicted. All slept; but none so soundly as Gervase Falcon, who lay with his hands clinched, and his jaw bound up, on the bed on which the woman had lain before, with lights at his bed-head, and the watchers of the dead at his feet.

(To be continued.)

## LAW AND CRIME.

A TRIAL for murder, held on Saturday last, before the Chief Justice, at Taunton, displayed in a remarkable manner the increasing influence which science is acquiring in the direction and assistance of judicial proceedings. The story of the crime itself is scarcely more interesting than that of the generality of murders, and may be dismissed in a few sentences. Two men, one of them intoxicated, started in a cart from a village inn on the night of the 23rd of December last. At half-past nine, two pedestrians stepped aside to allow passage to a horse and cart, which dashed by them at a furious pace, apparently driverless. It stopped at a short distance; and when a neighbour, apprehending an accident, brought out a light to inspect the vehicle, there was found therein the warm body of its owner, the intoxicated traveller, with his throat cut, and the blood bubbling and gurgling with his last breath. The half-severed head rested upon the carpet-bag of his companion, who had disappeared. It is not a little singular that this bag should have been left by the supposed murderer, if it belonged to him. At the same time, it might have become so stained during the murder, that to remove it would have been to carry about one of the strongest presumptive evidences of guilt. If concealed, its discovery would have been conclusive against its owner as the perpetrator of the crime. But it is not unlikely that it may have been merely overlooked or forgotten in the fearful excitement of the moment. Thomas Nation, to whom it belonged, did not return home till the following morning, when he was arrested. No living creature had seen the deed, but inanimate atoms combined to furnish the clearest evidences of the crime. The red sandstone upon which he trod when he left his victim, preserved the impression of his boot with the exactness of a plaster mon d, and pointed out the direction of his flight. Four sovereigns in his waistcoat pocket bore testimony against him. The blood of the murdered man dyed his sleeves and the pocket in which he had placed the profits of his deed with an accusing crimson. His pocket-knife also spoke of blood. But all these might have been insufficient in the face of the well-known cases of mistaken verdicts upon circumstantial evidence. Nation had had three teeth drawn that morning, and his gums had bled freely. He had cut raw meat that day with his knife. His father would swear to having lent him the money found upon him. He might have forgotten or purposely left his bag with the deceased, and the murder might have been committed by a stranger immediately after their separation. But a witness, far stronger than those enumerated, had a tale to tell upon the matter. A compound microscope made clear as daylight, and in characters as legible as those of the signboard of the inn, that the blood on the knife was human blood, that upon the blade were atoms, infinitesimal indeed, and invisible to the ordinary eye, but which beneath the lenses proclaimed themselves the cellular scales of the mucous membrane once lining a human throat. That the nail-notch of the blade had seized and yet retained minute fibres which showed that it had recently been used to cut through a cotton fabric. And the cotton neckerchief of the dead man had been cut through and through by the murderer. Against these silent witnesses the counsel for the wretched prisoner strove in vain. He attempted, timidly indeed, a sneer at the "ninety thousand magnifying power." He thought, at least he said he thought, that the case for the prosecution would have been stronger without Mr. Herapath, who had acted as the interpreter of that power. He attempted to account for the foot-marks by saying that many shoes might be made from the same last—as if that implem had the disposition of the nails of the sole. But all this was unavailing; and though even the Judge spoke somewhat distrustfully of the microscopic results which Mr. Herapath had beheld at least as clearly and unmistakably as he had that day looked upon the Judge and the Court, the prisoner was found guilty by the jury, and is condemned to

hang. This is the price at which he obtained the possession of four sovereigns for exactly nine hours. Of all usurers, Satan is the hardest.

We mentioned last week that the Insolvent Court was at issue with itself. The Chief Commissioner had punished one prisoner for having brought an unfounded action, while Mr. Commissioner Phillips had refused to do so, in a precisely similar case, upon the ground that the plaintiff was justified in proceeding, if advised to do so by his attorney. It will be re-assuring to the honest portion of the community to learn that Mr. Commissioner Murphy has spoken upon the subject, and decided a case upon the principle favoured by the Chief Commissioner. It would indeed be a sad thing to lie at the mercy of every insolvent who might choose to bring a groundless action, and could find an attorney willing to assist his scheme. It is to be hoped, now that all three of the judges of the Insolvent Court have adjudicated on this point, that Mr. Commissioner Phillips will act according to the custom usual with respect to technical matters, and adopt the views of the majority in order to secure a uniformity of practice in the Court.

A wonderful story of alleged witchcraft has been communicated to the journals as an illustration of rustic ignorance and superstition. It is therein alleged that a farmer at Hockham recently applied to the writer as a magistrate, for an order to have a witch proved by swimming or some other ordeal. Hereupon, as usual, the "Times" builds a leading article, sarcastic enough upon the superstitious natives, against whom, if as ignorant as represented, sarcasm must be rather an ineffective weapon. But as the "Times" is occasionally hoaxed even upon authority, as the letter appears to us to bear traces of a more practised humour than that usually found among country justices, and as it is dated the 3rd instant (being as near the famous 1st of April as regard to any chance of its insertion would permit), we may be excused for not lending implicit credence to the details. Still, even if it should be all true, it only proves that there may be found distant parts of the country, where exist certain unlettered inhabitants no wiser than the Parliaments and Judges of the days of Shakespeare and Bacon.

Cases of brutality on board American merchant vessels are becoming comparatively common. The evil would be less considerable were it confined to the ordinary crews of these ships, but there is reason to believe that it is not unusual to entrap on board men who have engaged in a different service. These men embark in a boat expecting to be rowed to their own ships, find themselves in a craft rot for which they have shipped, and, upon declining to serve, are treated with intimidation and personal violence as mutineers. In the last case, the two mates, upon the men's refusal to work, deliberately fired upon them with revolvers. After several shots, one of them hit the man at whom he aimed. As the cramped men were too numerous for the officers of the vessel, a flag of distress was hoisted; and, upon the authorities arriving from shore, the mate who had shot the wounded man was taken into custody, when he expressed regret that he had not killed the sufferer. As an attempt at murder, this offence rendered the prisoner liable to capital punishment; but the jury, by their verdict, decided, in the face of the facts, that the intent was not murderous. The Judge, however, was more severe in his view of the case, and sentenced the prisoner, for the minor offence of shooting and wounding, to transportation for life.

It may be remembered that some time since we recorded a criminal case tried before Mr. Justice Bramwell, who, entertaining a doubt as to certain evidence given by the prosecutor, had about fifteen, directed inquiry by the police respecting certain of his statements, after the jury had found a verdict of guilty, and sentence of death had been recorded against the prisoner. We remember that animadversion was made at the time, in the columns of a contemporary, against this proceeding on the part of the Learned Judge, as the suspected portion of the evidence was alleged to be scarcely material. It was nevertheless found to be untrue, and the prisoner was discharged. The prosecutor has since been indicted for perjury, which he appears to have committed solely for the purpose of obtaining some pecuniary benefit as a Crown witness. He has been found guilty, and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment and three years' detention in a reformatory. Such cases as these, unapparently but unfrequently, demonstrate the absolute necessity for trial of criminal cases by the superior Judges, accustomed to sift evidence with the greatest care and closeness. But in practice, criminals in ordinary cases are tried by assistant-judges, who can scarcely be said to have acquired that reputation for talent and sagacity which distinguishes Mr. Justice Bramwell and others of his order.

The "Berwick Advertiser" (which ought to know better) informs its readers that "Mr. George Hudson, M.P. for Sunderland, is still haunted by the fiends of the law, owing to the unsatisfied judgments, amounting to £100,000, which are still standing out against him." So that our rural friend's idea of "fiendishness" is the endeavouring to procure, by the only method allowed by law, the amount of a just claim against Mr. George Hudson, M.P.; who, the same authority tells us, was seized upon the hustings by a bailiff, but claimed privilege as a candidate. The officer waited the result of the election: "so that if Mr. Hudson had lost his seat he would have been undoubtedly arrested." He was lucky enough, however, to be less objectionable to the electors than one of his opponents, and by a "rapid coalition" (whatever that may mean), to come in second, and thus elude the fiends of the law, or honest creditors—whichever the reader may please to consider the persecutors of a gentleman so qualified, in every respect, to shed a lustre upon the councils of the British Senate.

## THE MURDER AT WIVELISCOMBE.

THOMAS NATION, twenty-two, a labourer, of imperfect education, was tried at Taunton on Friday, the 3rd inst., for the wilful murder of James Apin, at Wiveliscombe, on the 23rd of December last.

On the night of Tuesday, December 23, a horse and cart which had been running at a furious rate, stopped at the door of a man named Hayes, in Grant's Lane. Hayes was up-stairs in his bed-room; he opened his window and inquired who was there. Receiving no answer, he went down stairs, lit a candle, and on going out of the house, he met a man named James Apin, who had also been aroused by the stopping of the cart. These men looked into the cart, and found there the body of James Apin, with his throat cut from ear to ear, the body warm, and the head resting on a carpet-bag, which was saturated with blood. This bag was afterwards admitted by the prisoner to be his. The body was swathed. Upon it were found a closed knife—no blood at all upon it—an ale-bill, bloody—blood upon the inside of his breast-pocket, as if a bloody hand had been put into it—blood on the outside of the breeches pocket, but no money. It was shown that the deceased had had in his possession, a short time before the murder, five pounds; and that the prisoner knew he had this money.

The prisoner was servant to a gentleman named Parker, the deceased servant to a gentleman named Corner, and they resided each at a short distance from Wiveliscombe, but in opposite directions. They both had business at Wiveliscombe that day, and before the prisoner left home he said he wanted some money, and his master gave him half-a-sovereign. About half-past one, he was seen in the deceased's cart, going with him into Wiveliscombe; and they were drinking together the greater part of the day, in company with two other men, named Thomas and George Apin. In the course of the day, the deceased sent out for change for a £5 note, and had five sovereigns, which he counted out under a lamp-post about nine o'clock, just before he got into his cart at an inn-door to return home. The prisoner evinced great anxiety, against the wish of the deceased, to get into his cart and drive, the deceased, although tipsy, declaring that he was quite able to drive himself. Nation, however, did get into the cart, and they started. On the discovery of the murder, search was immediately made for the persons who were seen last in his company. The two Apins were found at a public-house; they were carefully searched; no money was found upon them; no blood. The police then went to the house of the prisoner's father; they failed to find him at home. They watched during the whole night, and about seven in the morning, they saw him going to his father's house. The night before, shortly after the time at which the cart stopped, he had been seen going from the direction of Grant's Lane towards his home in the Lan; foot-marks were found, which corresponded exactly with the boots of the prisoner. On his being apprehended, one sovereign and tenpence were found in his pocket, although when he left home he wanted money, and had half-a-sovereign only from his master; a knife, with blood upon the blade and haft, was also found on him; there was blood about his breeches pocket, and upon his hat. He accounted for the blood upon the knife by saying he had cut some beef, but Mr. Herapath, the eminent analytical chemist, proved that it was the blood of a human being; and moreover, that the knife must have been stained with the living blood. The prisoner was asked if he had any more money. He denied that he had; but, on further search, three more sovereigns were found in his top.

A verdict of Guilty was returned, and his Lordship passed sentence of death upon the prisoner.

A NUMBER OF PERSONS connected with betting-offices were arrested last week, and fined by the Police Magistrates in sums varying from £10 to £30.

## SHOCKING MURDER IN LIVERPOOL.

JOHN GIBBONS, a butcher, occupied a stall in St. John's Market Lane, but owing to reverses in business had lately been in a state of insolvency. He came down stairs as usual on Monday morning to breakfast, followed afterwards by his wife. About eight o'clock the latter was coming down stairs with some tea things, when her husband put his arm round her neck and said, "Come, Mary, let me give you a kiss," and while in the act of kissing her throat with a razor. She ran into the street, crying "Murder!" A man promptly arriving she told him, as well as she was able, what had occurred upon which he hurried the unfortunate woman, then nearly insensible, to the Infirmary in a cab. Meanwhile, murder was still going on within the stall. After the attack upon his wife, Gibbons went up to the bed-room where his children were sleeping (the eldest was but eleven years old, and cut the throat of Joseph, aged four years, and Thomas, a year and a half. He then cut the eldest daughter, Margaret, across two chairs, and endeavoured to cut her also; but after receiving a severe wound she managed to get away, while elder boy, John, snatched the razor from his father's hand and escaped down street. Upon the arrival of medical assistance, the boy Joseph was found dead; Thomas has since died; the wife is in a hopeless condition, but the girl, Margaret, is likely to survive. Gibbons was at once captured. He owns his guilt and made no resistance.

An inquest has been held on the bodies of the deceased children, and some of the above facts have been given at the Liverpool Police-court. There can be no doubt but that the prisoner is insane, and that his insanity arises from poverty. Business had all gone wrong with him lately, so that he had been appearing in the market, his wife attending in his stead. His eldest boy had said on the inquest—"I have thought that my father was out of his mind some time past, and he is out of his mind. He would say there were people in the likeness of us. He used to say we would be put in an iron cage, and be accused." Others of the prisoner's family spoke in high terms of the state of his disposition, and of his general good portment. He was a portly man, and had been a teetotaler for twenty-three years. A surgeon has certified that he is labouring under temporary insanity.

WIFE-MURDER.—At Taunton, on Thursday, Josiah Parker was indicted for the murder of his wife, Ann Parker, at Wells. The prisoner was a hatter, Wells, and, on the evening of the 10th of February, his wife came into the shop to him, just before tea-time, upon which he rushed at her with the razor, struck her on the head with it, and stamped on her chest. It was proved that there had been insanity in the prisoner's family. The jury returned a verdict "Not Guilty," on the ground of insanity, and the prisoner was ordered to be detained in custody during her Majesty's pleasure.

WIFE POISONING.—Edward Hardman, a shoemaker of Chorley, Lancashire, was committed to Lancaster Jail, on Friday (the 3rd), on a charge of murdering his wife. Hardman's wife died early in March, and was buried in Brindle church; but as some suspicions existed as to the cause of her death, the body was exhumed on the 20th ult., and the stomach and other viscera were examined by an analytical chemist, who found arsenic and antimony in them. It was stated that the heart and lungs might be also examined, the inquest was adjourned on Friday, when the gentleman who made the examination, expressed his opinion that the woman's death had resulted from poison.

A RUSSIAN WELL TREATED.—Mary Anne Reynolds, aged forty-seven, was tried at Norwich for wounding her husband. The case was very distressing. For many years the wife had been subjected to the most horrible ill-treatment by her husband, who was a confirmed drunkard. One night she followed him to a public-house, where a quarrel ensued. The second struck his wife a blow in the eye, on which she gasped him two or three times across the face with a knife. He bled profusely, and she helped the others to bind up the wound. Mr. Justice Erie warmly condemned the ruffianism of the man, and sympathized with the woman, on whom he passed a sentence of only four days' imprisonment. He also withheld the husband's expenses.

CHILD MURDER.—Elizabeth Oram, a Welsh woman, was tried before Justice Wiles, at Monmouth, on Wednesday week, charged with the murder of her illegitimate son, a boy ten years of age, by starving and ill-treating him. She was found guilty of "manslaughter," and sentenced to transportation for life.

MANSLAUGHTER IN A WORKHOUSE.—Ann Giddford was indicted before Chief Justice Cockburn, at Taunton, for the manslaughter of Mary Jane Coker. The prisoner and the deceased were inmates of the Taunton Union Workhouse. A trifling quarrel arose between them, when the prisoner took up a poker and struck Chidzey three blows with it on the head. Chidzey began to cry out on with her work. Soon afterwards she complained, gradually became worse, and in about three weeks died. After death it was found that the skull was much thinner than usual. The brain was congested, and there was an abscess about the size of a hen's egg. The blows on the head had caused the death. A jury found the prisoner "Guilty." The master of the Union gave the prisoner a good character. Sentence deferred.

## POLICE.

CARD-SHARPING ON THE RAILWAYS.—Michael Grant, a well-known card sharper, was charged at the Lambeth Police-court on Monday, with getting on a train on the South-Eastern Railway. It was shown that the prisoner had taken out some cards, shuffled two or three in his hand, and offered to play for a shilling that he could not find a court card. The gentleman to whom he would wager a penny on the event, and accordingly drew the cards. The prisoner offered to pay the penny, but the gentleman refused, saying he should simply give him into custody at the next station. On this two persons who were with the prisoner, began abusing the gentleman, saying that since he had played, he was as much in the wrong as the other. It appeared, however, that another gentleman, Mr. Francis Wright, had observed the transaction, and gave the prisoner into custody. Grant, who is an old offender, was committed for trial.

A HEARTLESS ROBBERY.—Carl Schwartz, a German, was charged at Thames Police-court, with having stolen a great quantity of wearing apparel, trinkets, &c., from Caroline Steinbach. A few weeks since, Schwartz married a mistress of proscenium, and they came to England. They first lodged in Minories, and afterwards took a house in Castle Street, Oxford Street. The house went his wife, step-daughter, and the servant. He was to follow with boxes; but was never seen again by his family, till he was taken into custody. It was shown that he pawned or sold the boxes which contained everything of his wife, step-daughter, and the prostitute possessed, and then left the metropolis for Liverpool. It was said that he had another wife in Holland. He was sentenced to four months' imprisonment, with hard labour.

A DOMESTIC SAVAGE.—William Buttery, a working gun smith, living Charlotte Street, Bethnal Green, was, at the Worship Street Police-court, Monday, charged with a series of brutal assaults upon his wife. The complaint stated that she had been married about twelve months, during which time he had subjected her to an incessant course of neglect and violence. His earnings amounted to 50s. a week, but he squandered them away in drink and dissipation. Shortly before twelve o'clock on the previous night, the prisoner, who had absented himself from an early hour on Saturday morning, returned home in a state of intoxication, and on asking him where he had been he insultingly replied that he had been "staying with his girl," at the same time pulling out the photographic portrait of a woman, which he exhibited in a taunting manner, with the observation that the little finger of the original was dearer to him than the whole of her own person. On remonstrating with him, the prisoner commenced a furious attack upon her, in the course of which he knocked her down three times in rapid succession, and from the effects of his violence, the whole of her teeth were loosened, her jaw bone severely injured, and her eyes blackened. After beating her with his fists in this manner, the prisoner caught up a pair of tongs, with which he was in the act of striking at her head, when she covered down beneath the table, the top of which shivered by the force of the blow. At that moment a policeman, whose attention had been attracted by the uproar, opportunely arrived and rescued her from further ill-treatment. This evidence was corroborated by the complainant's daughter-in-law, and by a policeman. The Magistrate sentenced the prisoner to hard labour for six months in the House of Correction.

CAT SKINNING.—James Glander, who described himself as a brush-maker, was finally examined, charged with having cruelly tortured cats by skinning them alive. The particulars of the case, so far as we dare give them, have already appeared in this paper. The Magistrate expressed his regret that he was not invested with sufficient summary powers to deal with such a revolting case of barbarism, and he should order the prisoner to be committed to the House of Correction, to be kept to hard labour for the full term of three months.

FATAL ASSAULT ON A SOLDIER.—On Saturday, John Walsh and Cather Coulson were charged at the Woolwich Police-court with causing the death of a soldier. The deceased, a driver and gunner in the Royal Artillery, was found dead in the water at Hog Lane Stairs. It was at first thought that he had committed suicide, but as wounds were found on his head, and a poker was picked up by the river side, inquiries were made, by which other circumstances were brought to light. Between twelve and one o'clock at night, the deceased, whose name was Lawler, called at an infamous house in Hog Lane, kept by Cather She was in the kitchen with Walsh, who lived in the house. An altercation took place, when Coulson seized the poker, and she and Walsh having put Lawler of the house, followed him to the water-side. Here Walsh made a blow at him, and the deceased jumped into the water, where he was found a few hours afterwards. The prisoners were remanded. The only witnesses examined were women who lived in Coulson's house. They stated that Walsh, who had been in the artillery, had a spite against the deceased for having on one occasion assisted to arrest him.







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